

H
U
M
O
R

I
N

A

J
U
G
U
L
A
R

V
E
I
N

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 18
DEC.



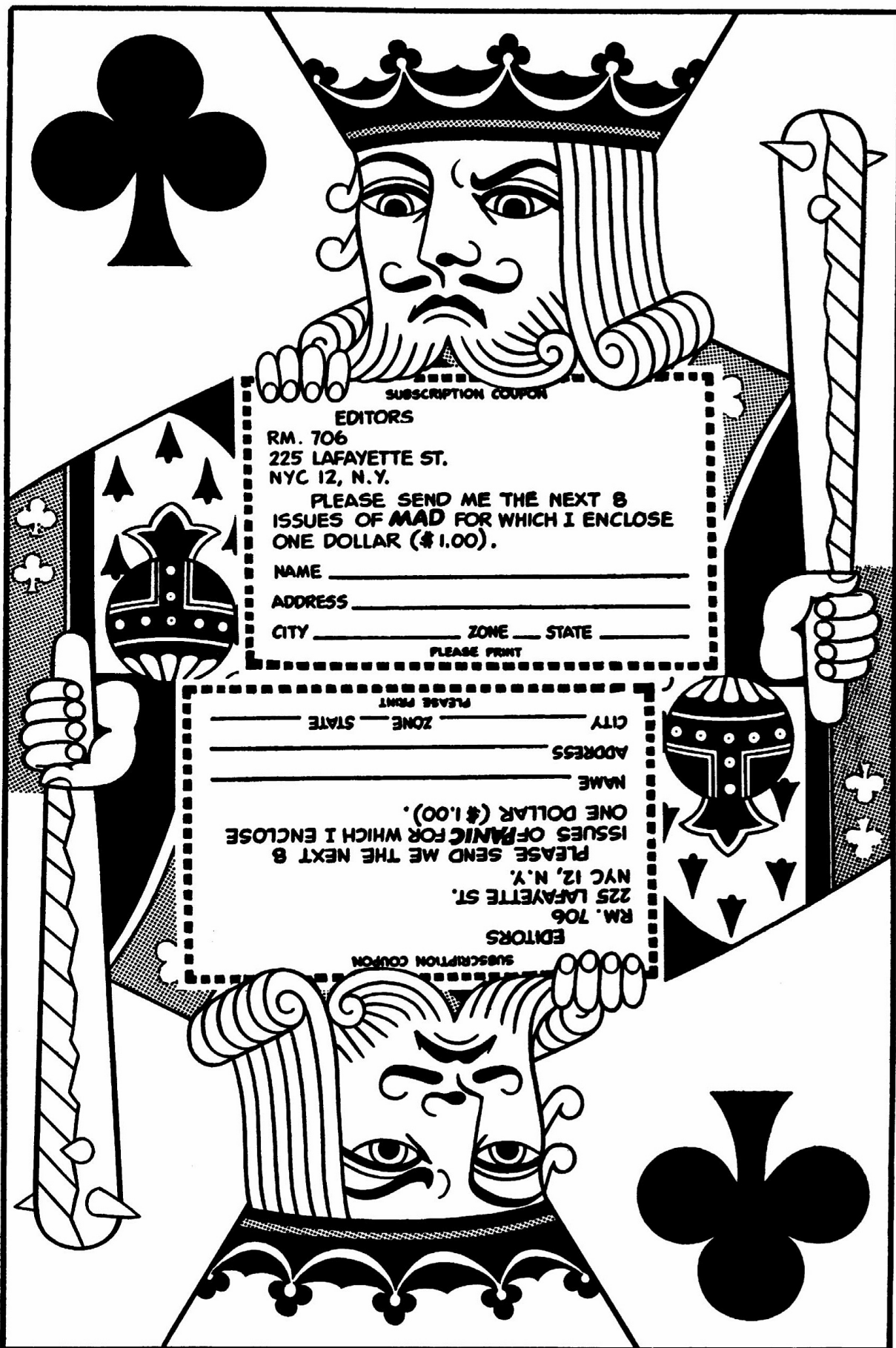
10c

MAD



LOOK GANG! ANOTHER SURPRISE! IN
THIS ISSUE...**YOU** DRAW THE COVER!

K
♣



♣
K

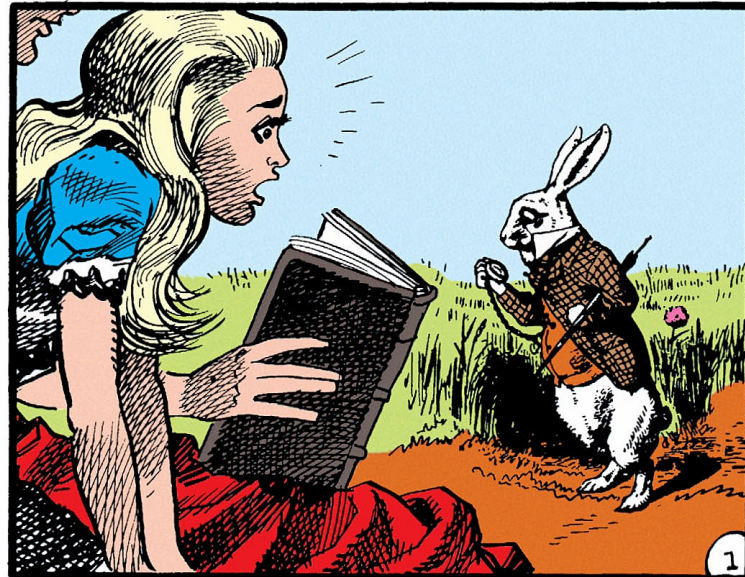
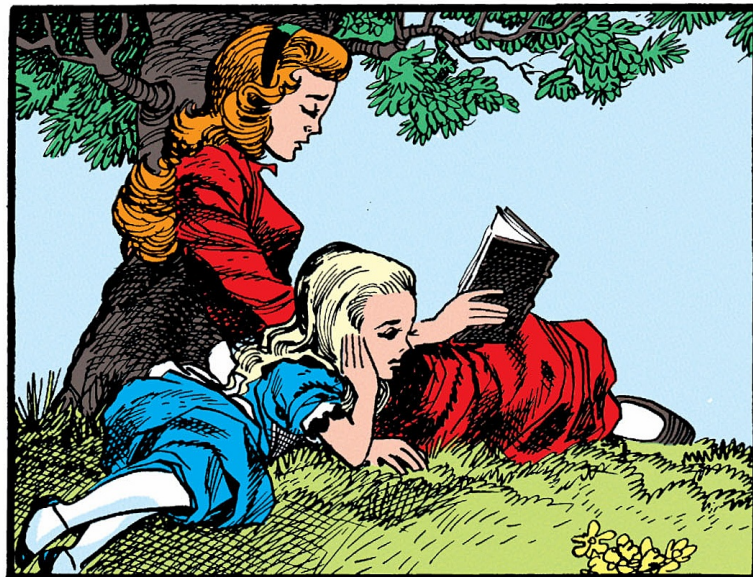
THE CLASSICS DEPT.:...HELLO! READY FOR ANOTHER IDIOTIC SESSION OF *MAD* READING?...GOOD!...TODAY, IN THE CONTINUED INTEREST OF DESTROYING THE CLASSICS, WE TURN TO A STORY LONG DEAR TO OUR HEARTS, AND WE PRESENT TO YOU THE *MAD* VERSION OF THAT QUIANT AND DELIGHTFUL CLASSIC...

ALICE IN WONDERLAND!



Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister and having nothing to do. She had peeped into the book her sister was reading but it had no pictures...

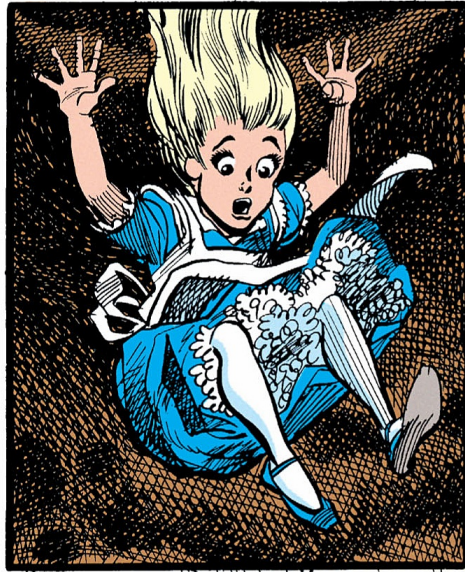
...Suddenly a White Rabbit ran by. There was nothing so remarkable in that, but, when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, Alice started to her feet...



Burning with curiosity, she ran across the field just in time to see it pop down a rabbit-hole. Alice went after it...

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel and then dipped suddenly down and Alice found herself falling...

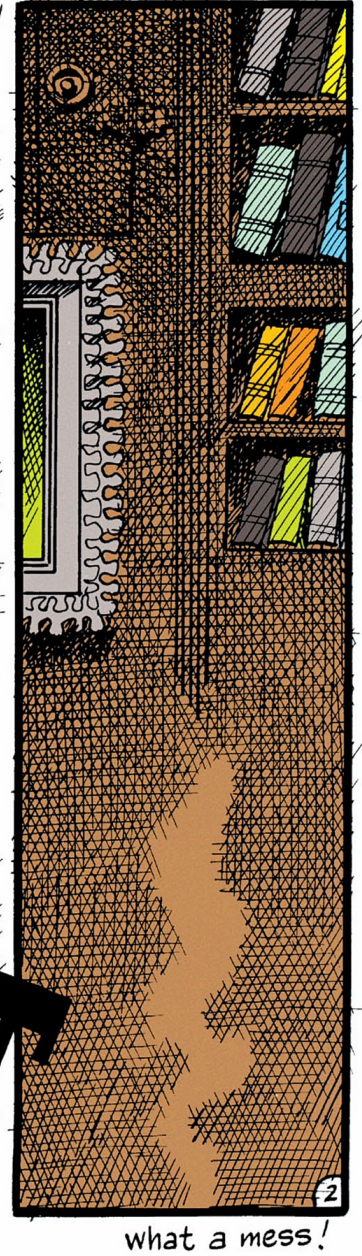
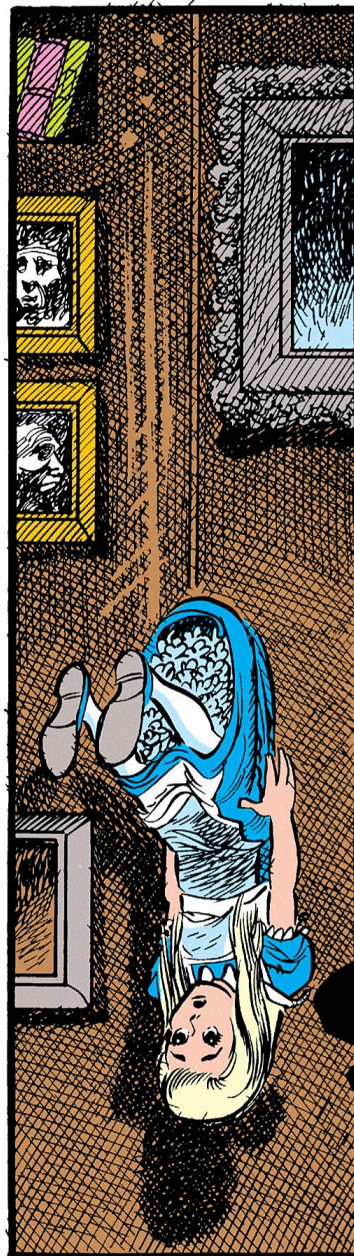
...down what seemed to be a very deep well. First she tried to look down but it was too dark to see!



Then she noticed the sides were filled with cup-boards and book-shelves.

Down, down, down... "I wonder how many miles I've fallen?" she said... when suddenly...

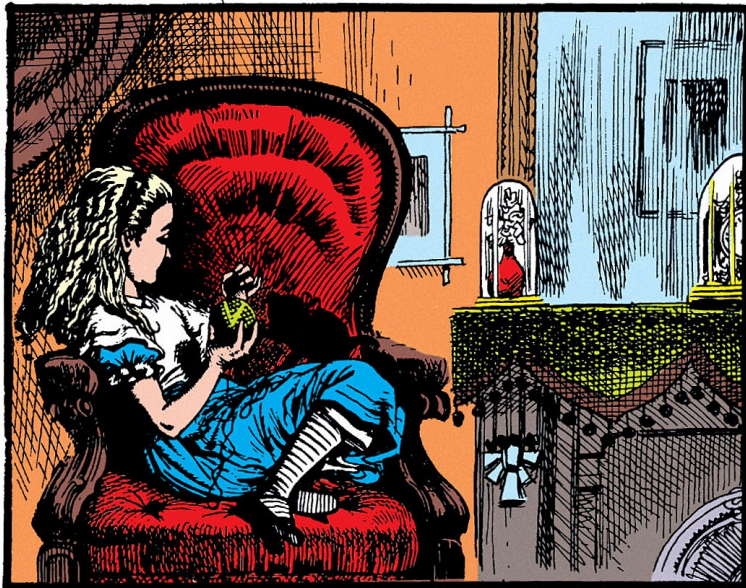
...thump! thump! Down she came upon a heap of sticks and the fall was over.



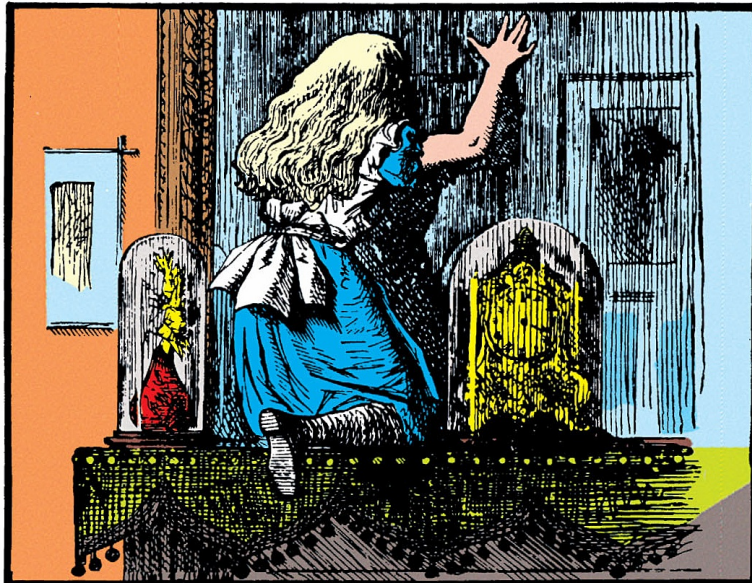
SPLAT

what a mess!

...Well... that's the way it goes!... And so, on to our next adventure..."Through the Looking Glass"! Alice had been sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair...

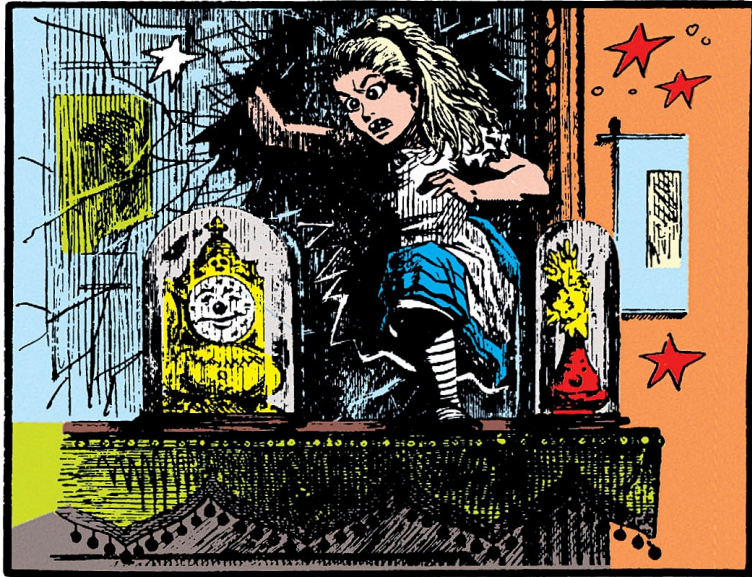


"How nice it would be to get through into Looking Glass House," said Alice. "I'll pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze." She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this...



...Though she hardly knew how she had got there, the glass was beginning to melt away like a bright silvery mist! In another moment Alice was through the glass...

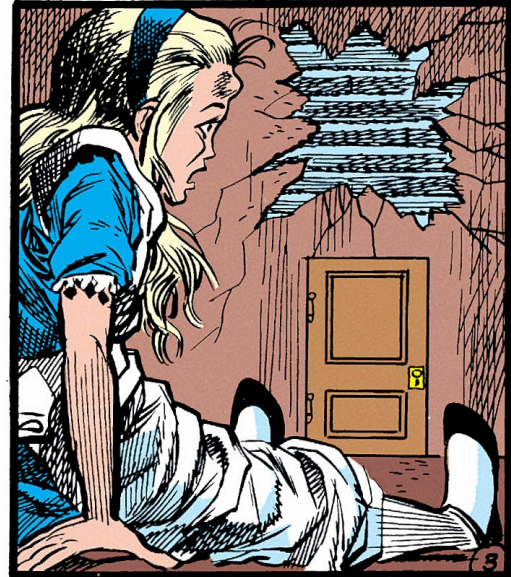
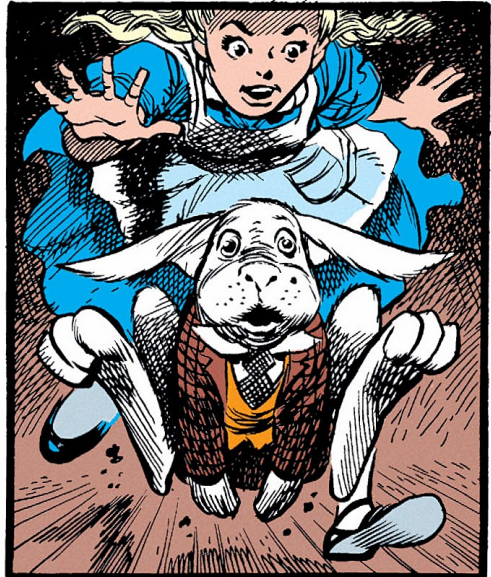
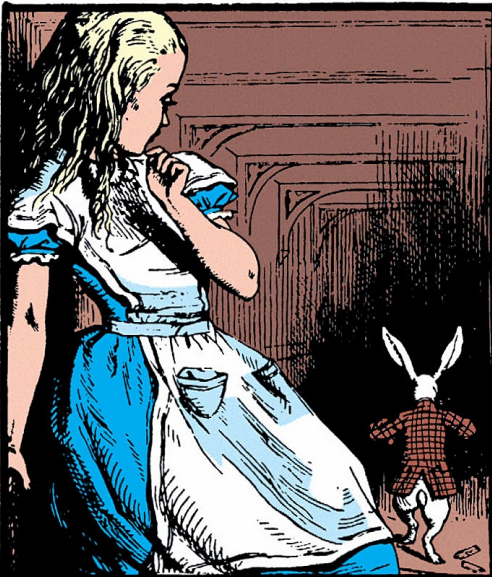
By George! That "pretending" business sure can get a body into trouble!... The whole gol-durned mirror... smashed to smithereens! Alice began looking about...



...and there was the Rabbit hurrying along. Alice fancied she heard him say something like "Updok!"

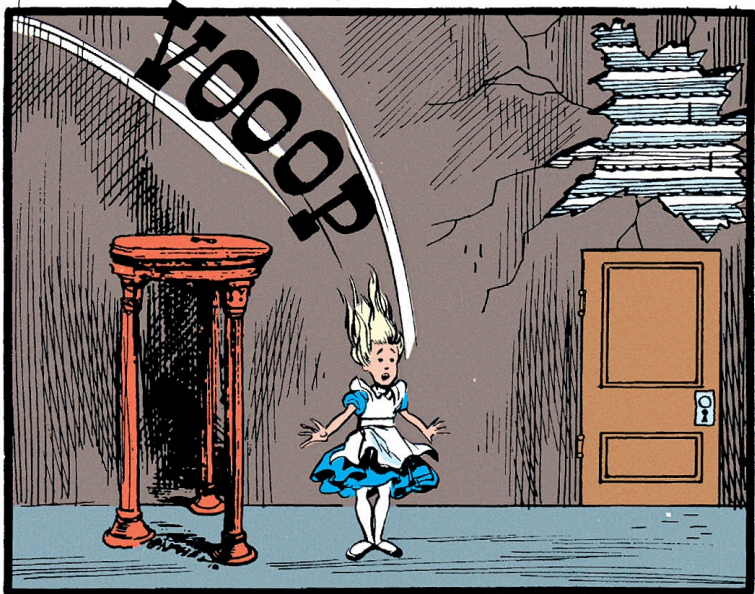
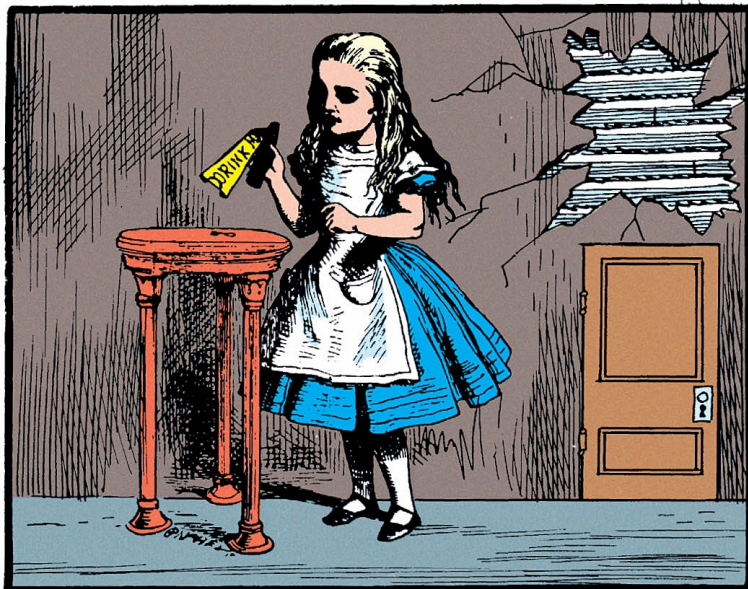
At the end of the hall appeared a doorway through which the Rabbit flew with Alice right after.

However, the door being fifteen inches high, and the wall being harder than her head, Alice was unable to follow!



Suddenly, Alice came upon a table of solid glass with a tiny golden key on it and beside the key, a tiny bottle inscribed with the words "DRINK ME."

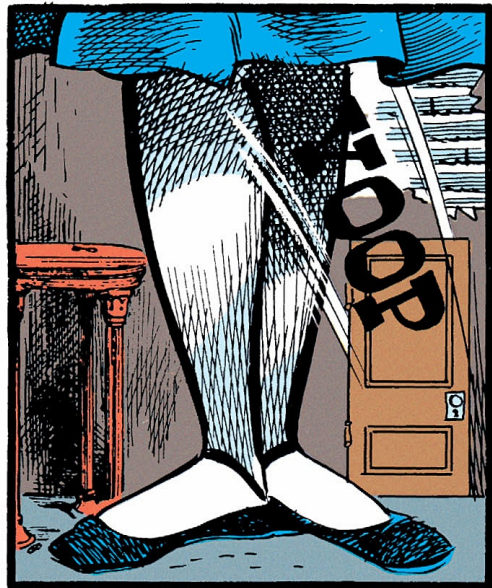
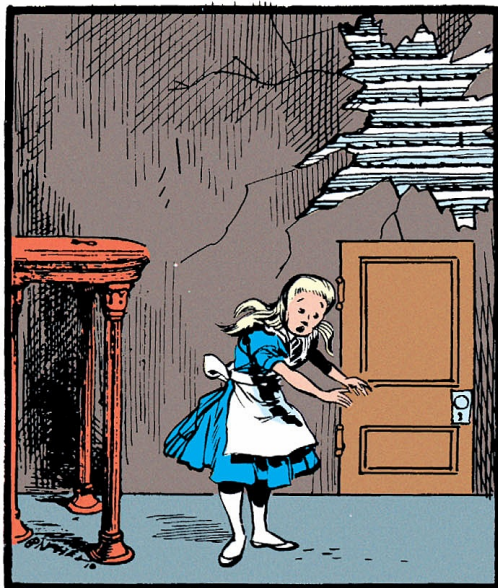
Since it would be no good to open the tiny door, she turned to the bottle and finished it off. "How curious! I must be shutting up like a telescope!" said Alice.



And now her size was OK...the door was OK... She went to get the key... but **Alice** was too small!

So she grew big again from a cake that said "EAT ME"... got key OK... went to door...but **Alice** was too big!

...Drank more "DRINK ME" bottle...size OK... door OK... went to get key... but **Alice** was too small!

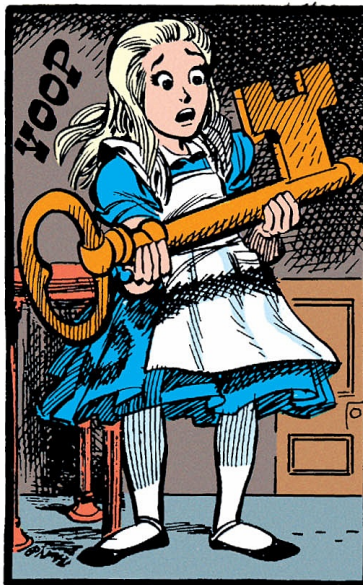


... ate cake... key OK... table OK... size OK... but the door was too big!

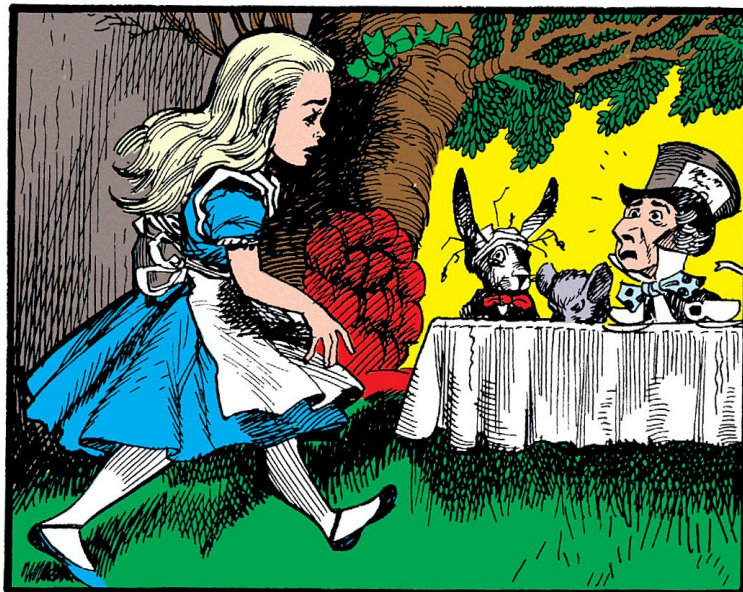
...more bottle...key OK...size OK... door OK... but the **room** was too small!

...more cake... door OK... size OK... table OK... but the **key** was too big.

...bottle...key OK... door OK... size OK... table OK... but the **picture** was too small!



This whole business was getting ridiculous so Alice called the super' who let her out with the pass key! Outside were a March-Hare, a Mad Hatter and a Doormouse.



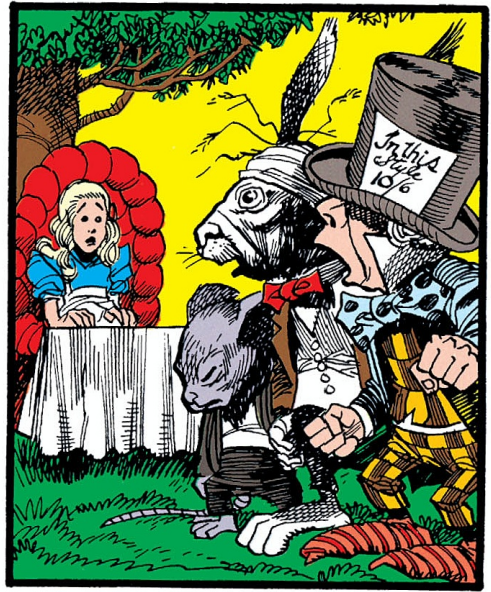
"No room!" they cried at Alice who said, "Gracious, a talking March-Hare!" However, the March Hare wasn't really talking. It was the Doormouse (who was a ventriloquist.)*



"Very well," said the Hatter springing from his seat. "You may join our tea-party! Come, let's put on our war-paint!"

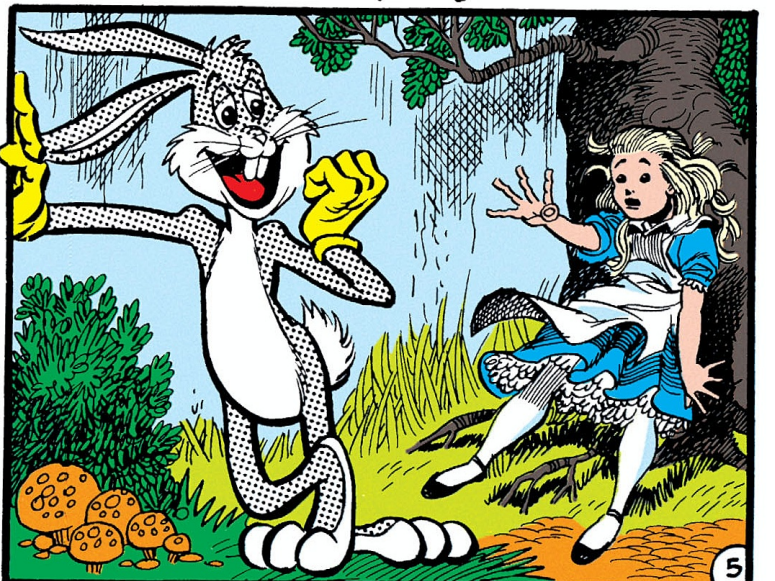
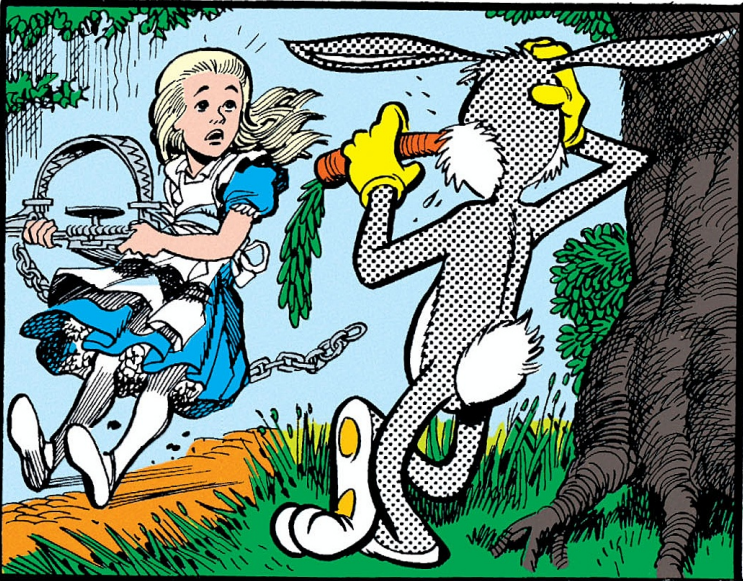
"But what has war-paint to do with a Mad Tea Party?" said Alice. "**Mad** Tea Party? Who said **Mad** Tea Party..."

"...This is going to be a **Boston** Tea Party!" said the Hatter, But Alice had been distracted by the White Rabbit...

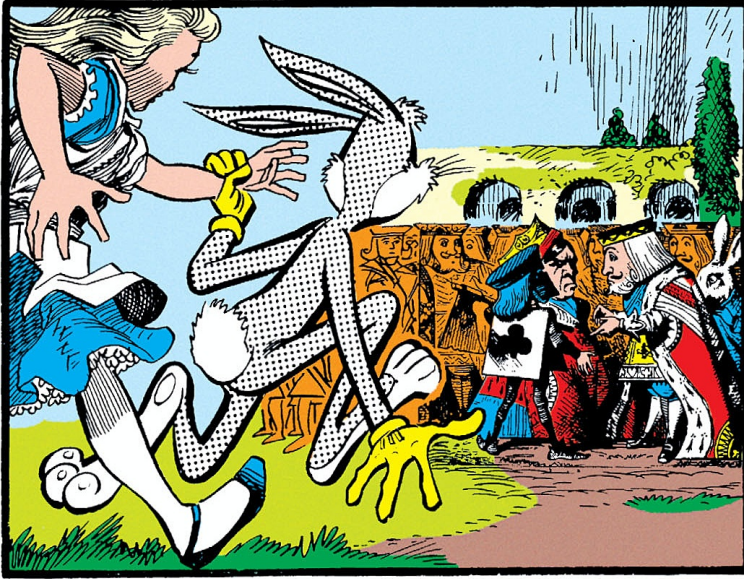


This time she was determined to catch him...to learn what that strange sound, "Updok" meant!... "Updok... What's Updok... **What's up-doc?**"... Now she knew!

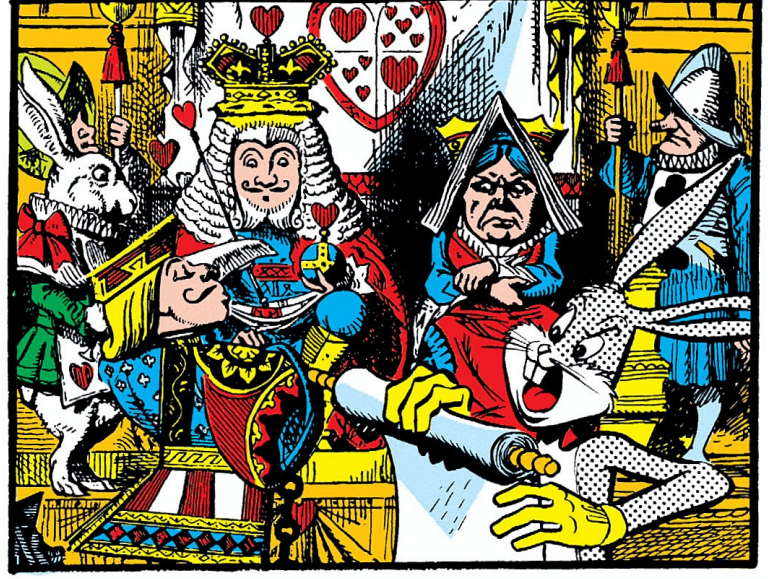
An instant later, bravery was fear... hunter turned hunted... for Alice suddenly realized from movies she'd seen...**this Rabbit was very dangerous to chase!**



In any case, a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance. "Come on!" cried the Rabbit. Ahead of them, the King and Queen were holding court.



It seems that the Knave of Hearts stole some tarts. And so...don't ask us why, but we now come to part where White Rabbit reads most classic poem of book called "Jabberwocky!"



JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought —

So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

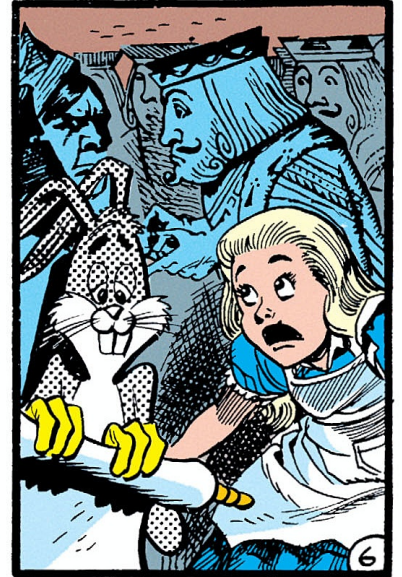
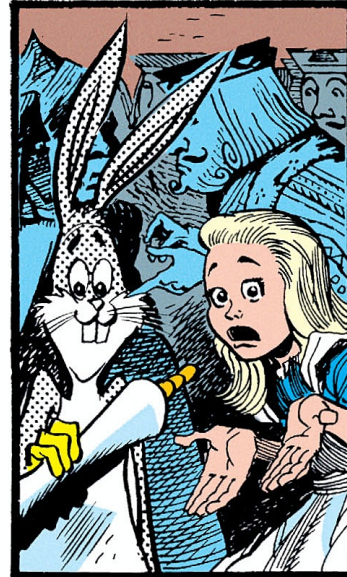
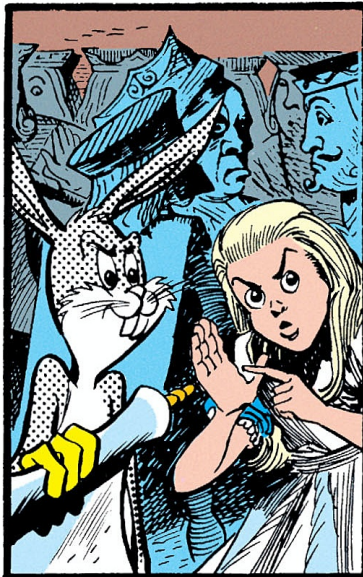
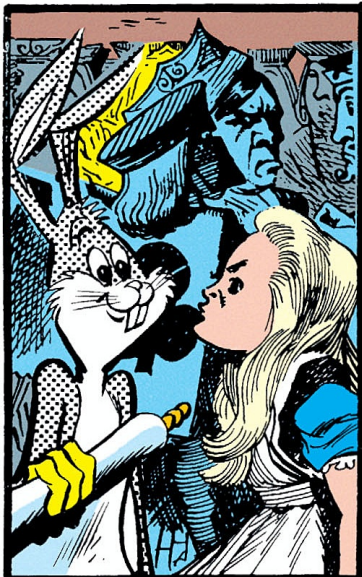
And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

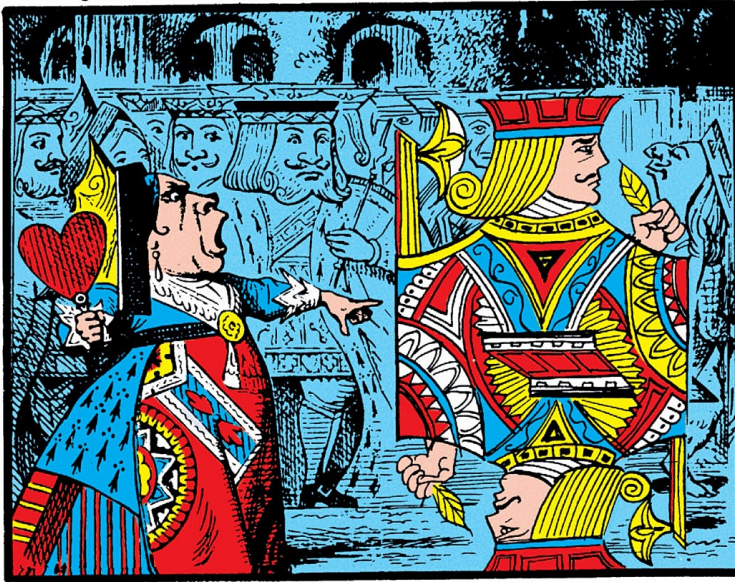
!"That's
a poem?" said Alice!

"That by you is a
Classic poem supposed
to live through ages?..."

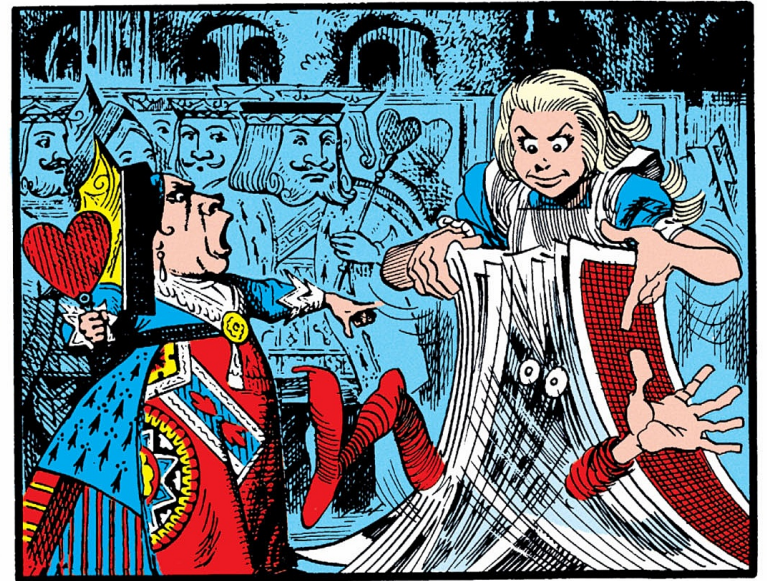
...Is it educational? Does
it teach a moral? Will it
sell?" said Alice!



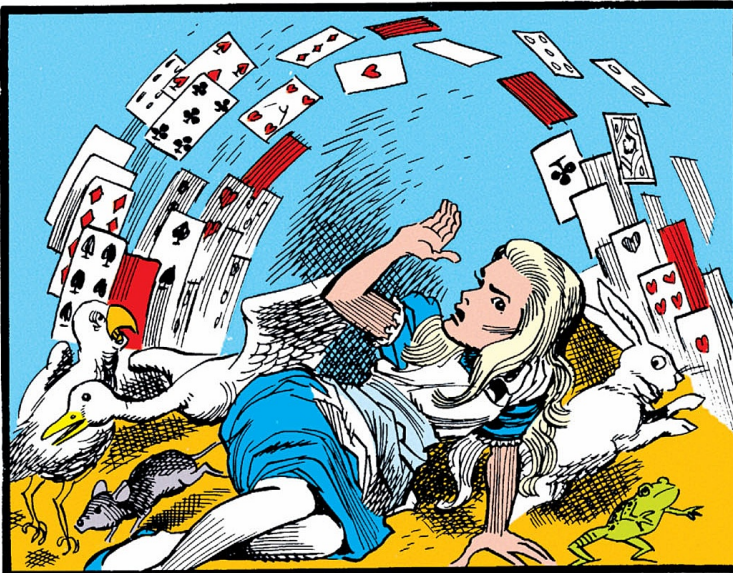
"The Knave is guilty!" says the Queen. "Off with his head!" Alice flips! But the Knave says, "It's O.K.! Since I'm a playing card, I've got a head to spare!"



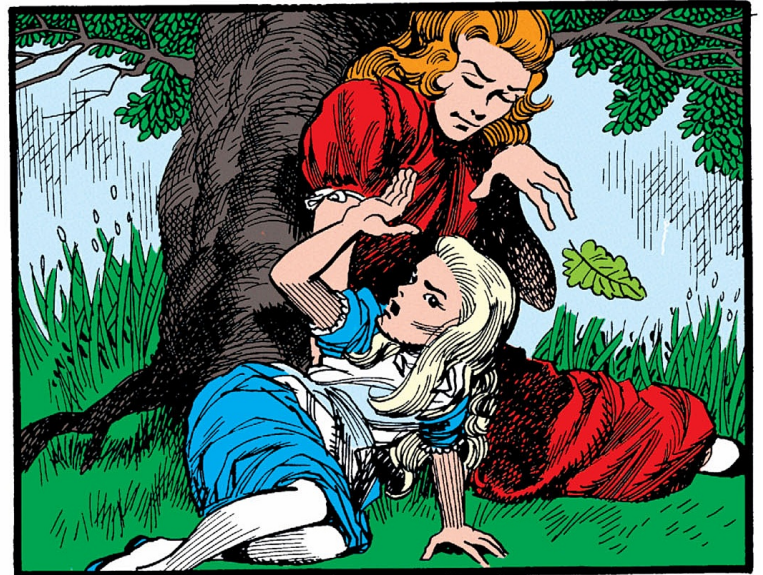
And that's why Alice flips...the card deck, that is, 'cause all the while she's playing solitaire...and cheating. "Off with her head!" the Queen shouts.



"Who cares for you?" says Alice, "You're nothing but a pack of cards!" At this, the whole pack rose up into the air and came flying down on her!



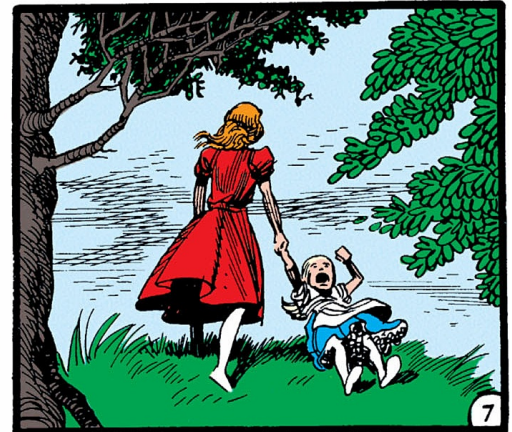
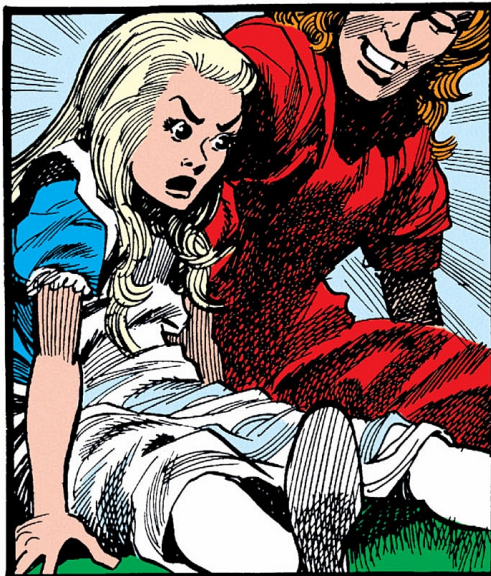
She tried to beat them off and found herself lying on the bank with her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves from her face.



"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "You've been dreaming!" "What?" said Alice, "The old 'dream' plot?"

"Whew! That old routine where an adventure turns out to be a dream, is the corniest plot in history!"

And so she told her sister of her curious dream as well as she could remember...



...And when she had finished, her sister said, "It certainly was a curious dream" and so took Alice off to see a psycho-analyst.

Here again, we devote our text page to a serious discussion of the state of the world . . . to a sounding out of political, social, and economic affairs. In this issue, we would like to discuss how statements and opinions of our hemisphere might sound to the ears of the other side of the world. How do our views sound in the far-east, for instance, and how do their views sound to us. For, although an opinion may sound one way to you, the same opinion may sound completely different in a distant land because of the complete difference of circumstances. And so, here is our article . . .

HOW OUR OPINIONS SOUND

by G. Clef

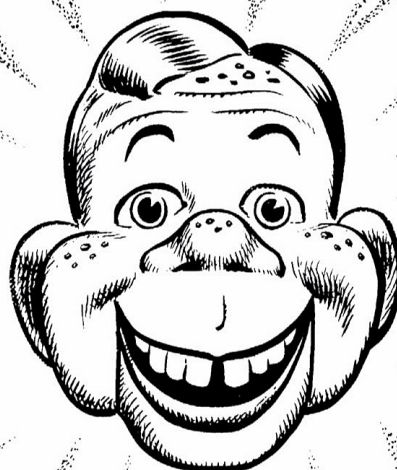
Tempo I.

Tempo I.

Tempo I.

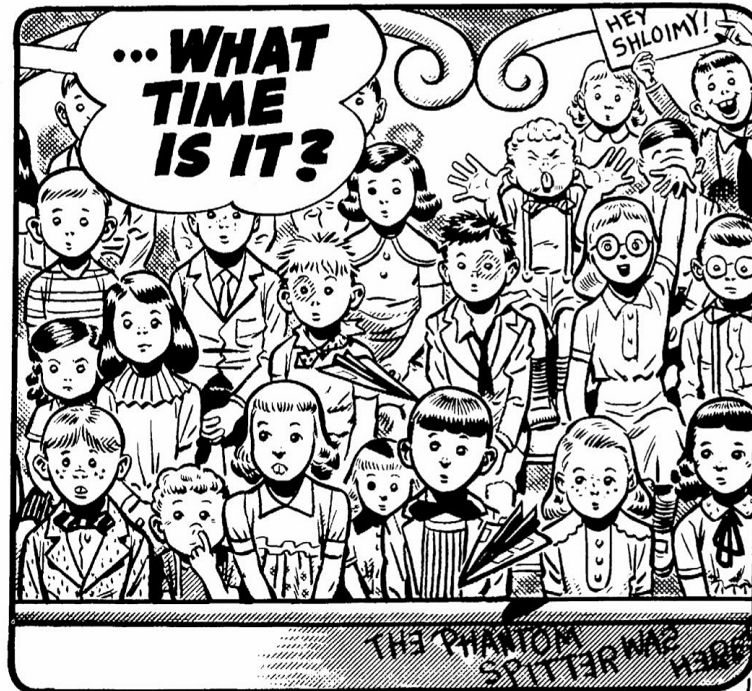
T.V. DEPT.: OUR CONSTANT READERS HAVE NO DOUBT NOTICED OUR SUDDEN SHIFT TO TELEVISION! WE ARE GIVING SPECIAL ATTENTION TO T.V. BECAUSE WE BELIEVE IT HAS BECOME AN INTEGRAL PART OF LIVING... A POWERFUL INFLUENCE IN SHAPING THE FUTURE... BUT MAINLY WE ARE GIVING ATTENTION BECAUSE WE JUST GOT A NEW T.V. SET!... SO HERE'S OUR STORY...

HOWDY DOOIT!

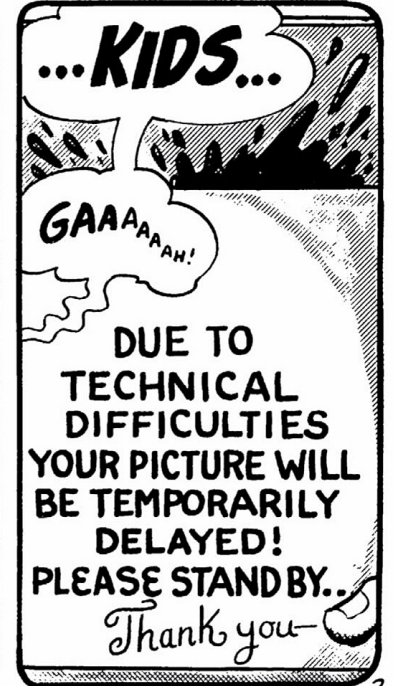
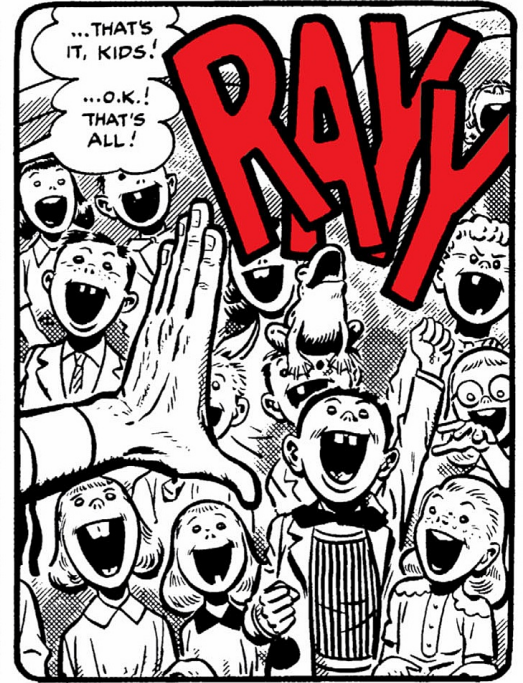


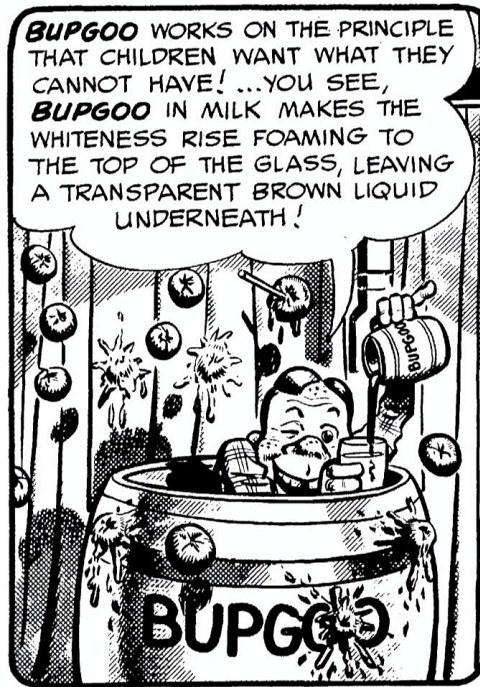
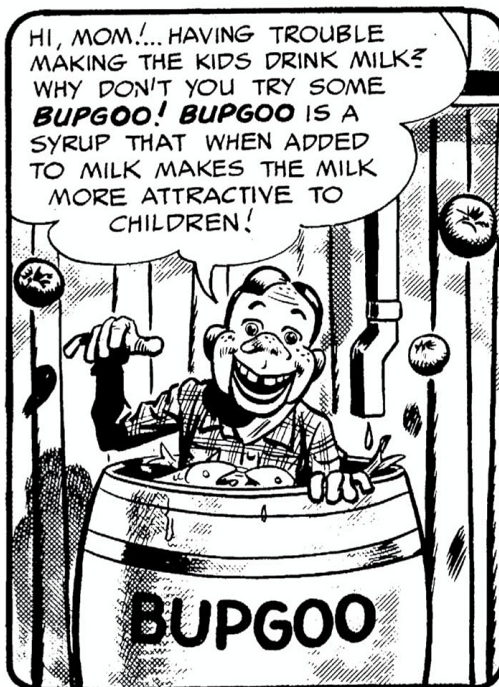
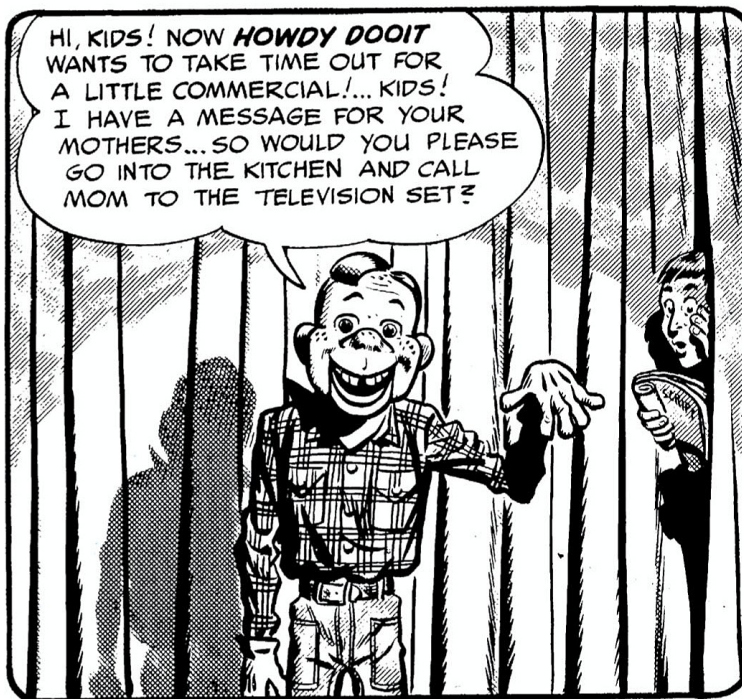
NO! LET ME GO!
THAT'S MY
SUNRAY FROM
MY MOVIES
BEHIND HIS
HEAD AND I
WANNIT BACK!

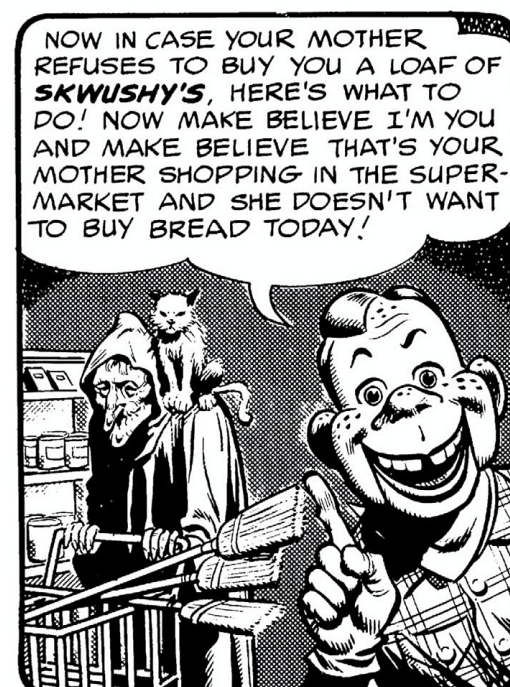
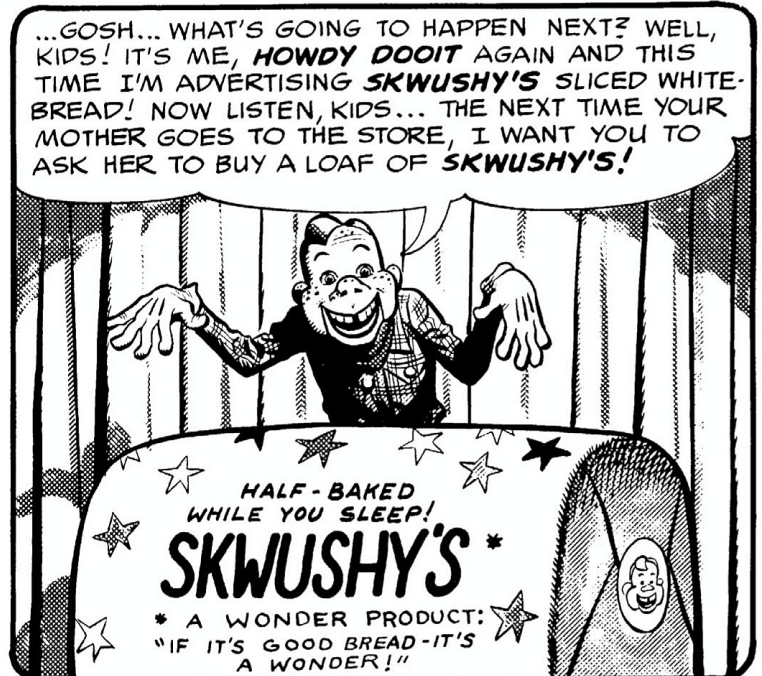
BILL
Elder.

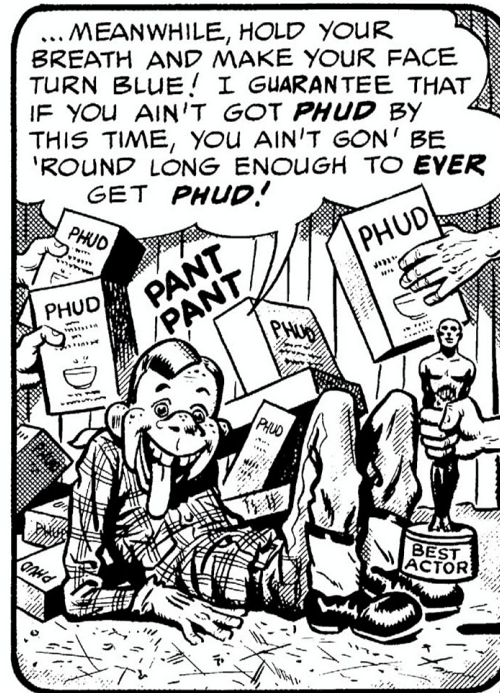
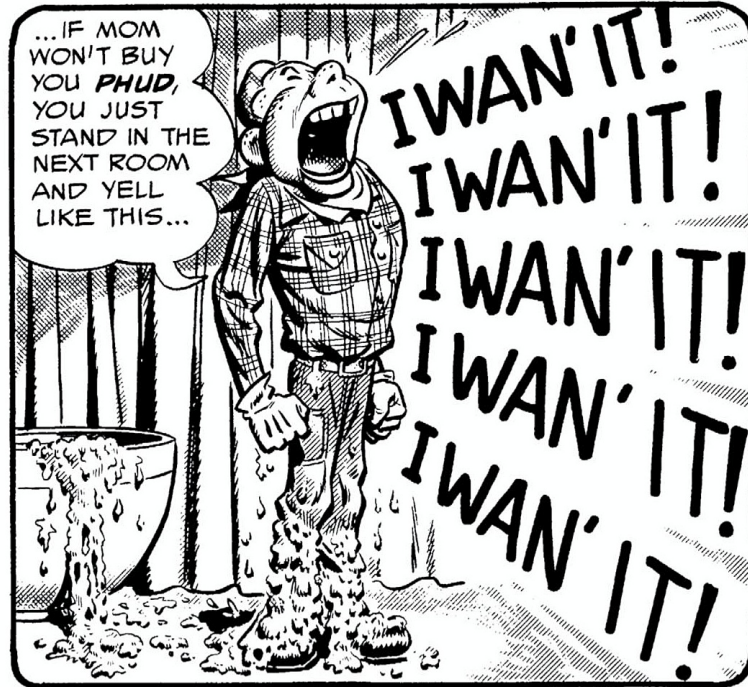
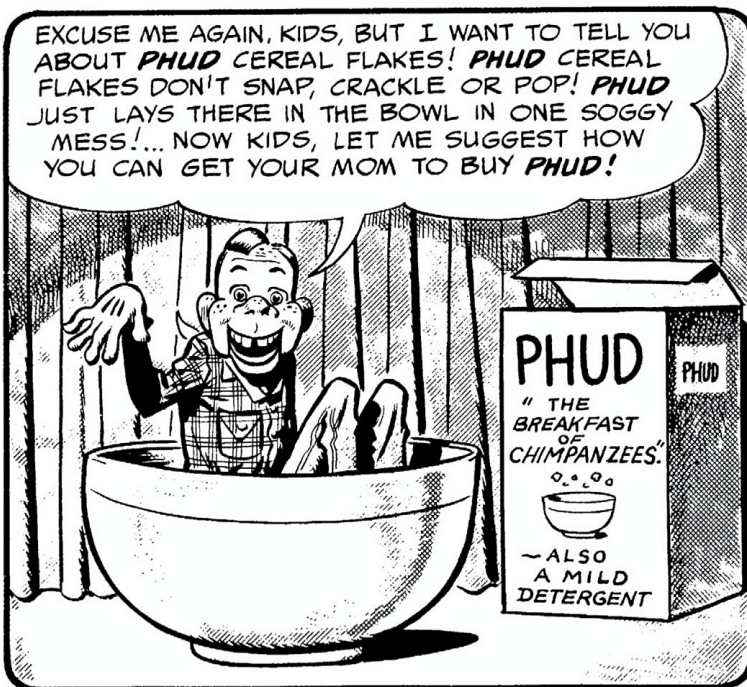
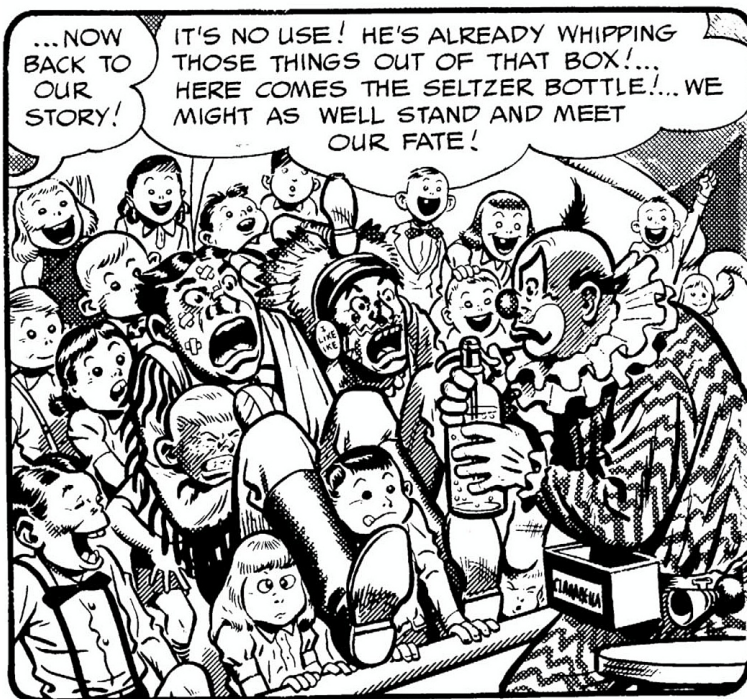


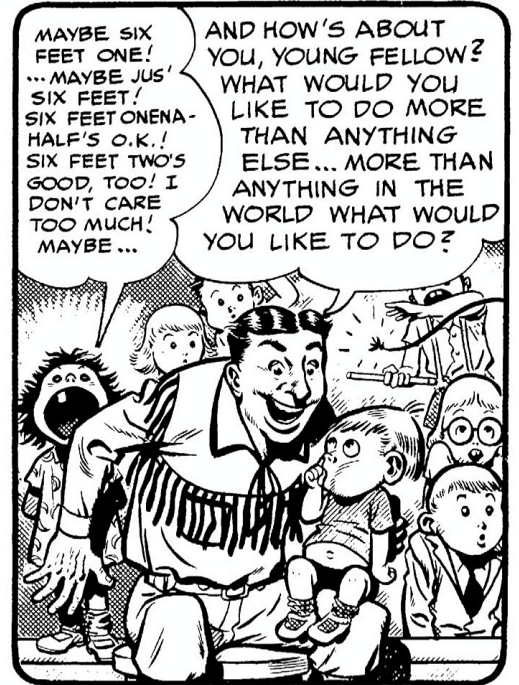
THE PHANTOM
SPITTER
HERE



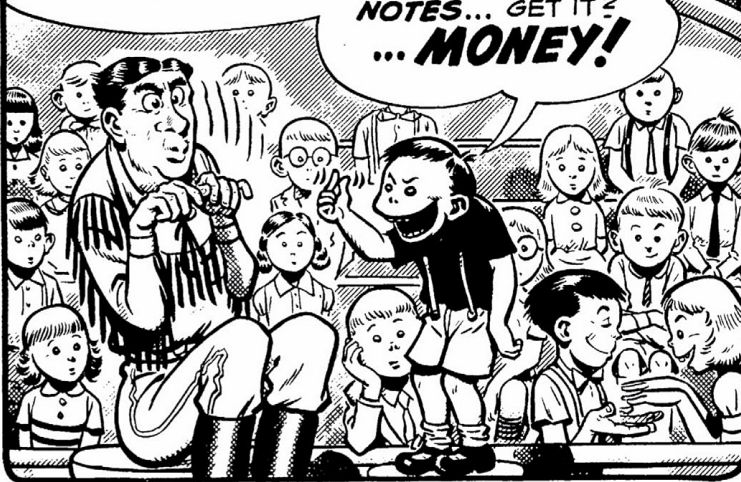






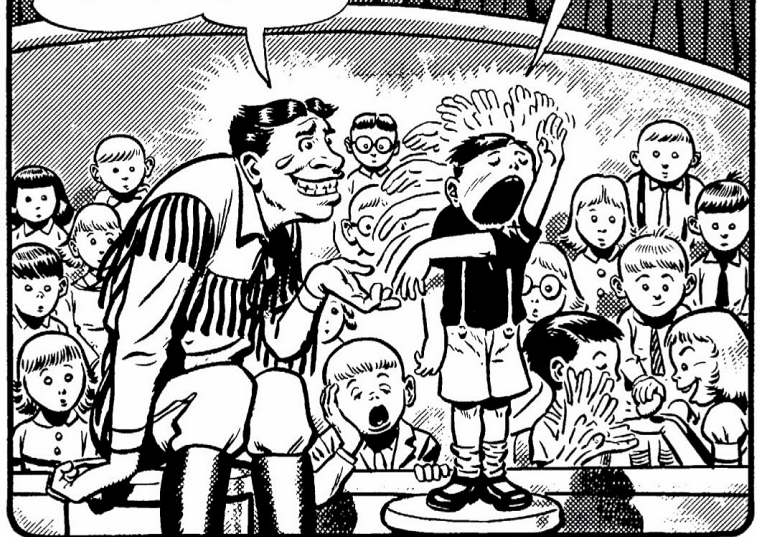


OF COURSE... ADVERTISING AND ENTERTAINMENT ARE LUCRATIVE FIELDS IF ONE HITS THE TOP BRACKETS... MUCH LIKE **HOWDY DOOIT** HAS! IN OTHER WORDS... WHAT I WANT TO DO WHEN I GROW UP, IS TO BE A HUSTLER LIKE **HOWDY DOOIT**! I WANT TO BE WHERE THE **CASH** IS... THE **GREEN STUFF**... **MOOLAH**... **POUND NOTES**... GET IT?
... MONEY!



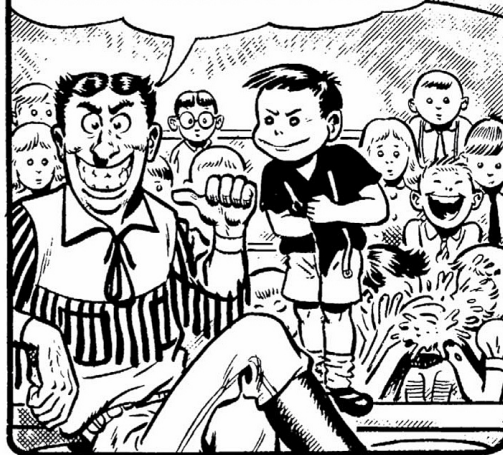
BUT CHILD... **HOWDY DOOIT** IS NO "HUSTLER"! HE NEEDS NO MONEY! NO DOLLAR BILLS TO SMILE... NO MERCENARY INCENTIVE TO PASS OUT HAPPINESS!

AWW COME OFF IT, BUFFALO BILL!



NO, CHILD... **HOWDY DOOIT** IS A HAPPY WOODEN MARIONETTE, MANIPULATED BY STRINGS! **HOWDY DOOIT**, CHILD, IS NO MERCENARY, MONEY GRUBBING HUSTLER...

... I, **BUFFALO BILL**, AM THE MERCENARY, MONEY GRUBBING HUSTLER!



I'LL SHOW YOU WHO THE HUSTLER IS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHILD?

WAIT!



SOMEONE GRAB HIM!

STOP HIM, SOMEONE!

HOLD HIM!



WHAT DID HE DO?... WHAT'S WRONG WITH **BUFFALO BILL**?

... CUT THE SCENE!
... CUT THE SCENE!
... CUT! CUT!

... THAT KID!... HE HAD A PAIR OF SCISSORS!

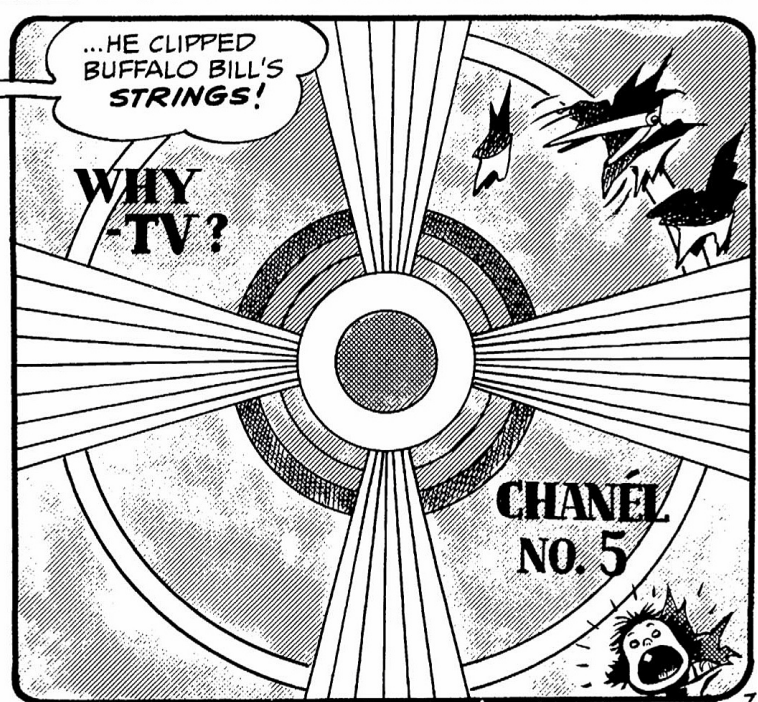
CLIK CLIK CLIK



... HE CLIPPED **BUFFALO BILL**'S STRINGS!

WHY -TV?

CHANNEL NO. 5





PIRACY



BUT IF YOU ***CAN'T FIND PIRACY***
AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU
CAN ***SUBSCRIBE!*** JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER
WITH ***ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF***
CENT (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-
LUBBERS!), TO:

STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

ZONE
NO.

COLLECTORS ITEM DEPT:
YOU COLLECTORS, ALL 3 OF YOU, AN-
OTHER REPRINT* OF THE ADVENTURES
OF YUCCA PUCCA GULCH'S FAMOUS...

POT-SHOT PETE...

IF'N YOU FLINCH AT
THE SIGHT OF BLOOD
OR BLENCH AT
THE THOUGHT
OF DEATH...
**DO NOT READ
THIS STORY!**

THIS IS NOT A
STORY FOR
WOMEN, CHIL-
DREN OR
SISSIES!

AS A MATTER
OF FACT, WE
DON'T REALLY
KNOW WHO
THIS STORY
IS FOR!

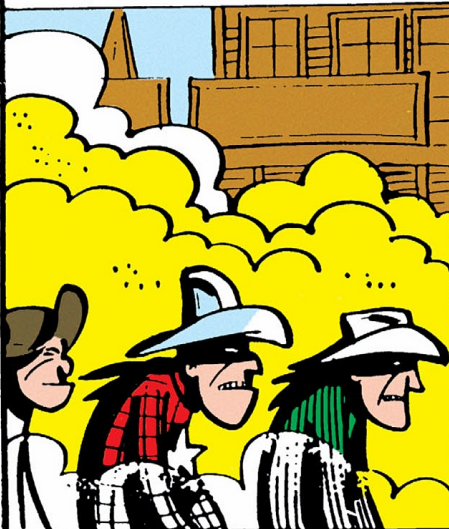


THAT DUST CLOUD OFF
TO THE WEST! IT'S POT-
SHOT PETE AND HIS
POSSE! US BED MEN
BETTER CL'AR OUT'N
TOWN!

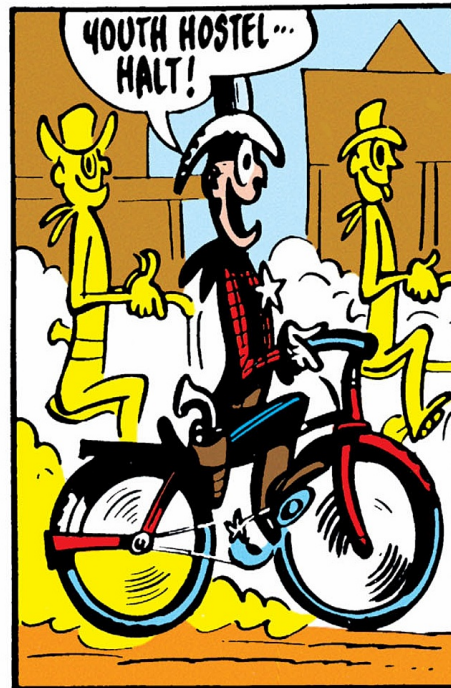
NO USE TRYIN' TO OUTRUN SHERIFF
POT-SHOT PETE 'MIGHT AS WELL HANG
OURSELVES RIGHT NOW 'CAUSE WE'RE
AS GOOD AS
DEAD!



INTO YUCCA PUCCA GULCH
COMES POT-SHOT AND HIS POSSE
...LEATHER-TANNED, HARD RIDING
MEN, COVERED WITH THE ALKALI
DUST OF THE TRAIL!



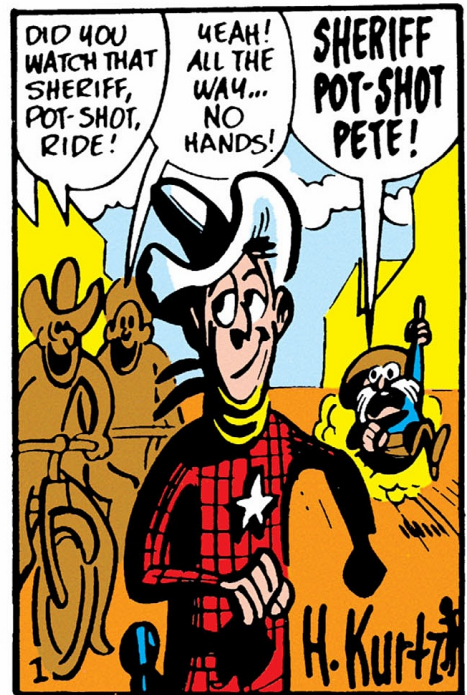
**YOUTH HOSTEL...
HALT!**



DID YOU
WATCH THAT
SHERIFF,
POT-SHOT,
RIDE!

YEAH!
ALL THE
WAY...
NO
HANDS!

**SHERIFF
POT-SHOT
PETE!**



H. Kurtz

POT-SHOT! I'VE BEEN HITTING LEATHER, NIGHT AND DAY... RIDIN', RIDIN', RIDIN'! **THAT'S DANGER ON THE TRAIL**, AND YOU, THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST, ARE THE ONLY MAN THAT CAN HELP!



YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WEST O' THE BRAZOS... NOT AFRAID OF ANYONE, HUMAN NOR OTHERWISE... QUICKER'N A RATTLESNAKE... YOU'RE THE **ONLY MAN WHO CAN BRING IN THE ...**



...WHO CAN BRING IN THE **McYETNIT BOYS!**



HE'S FAINTED, AMIGOS! GIVE ME THE SMELLIN' SALTS! **POT-SHOT! SPEAK TUH ME!**

POOPY! WHUT HAPPENED? I MUSTA HAD A TOUCH OF SUN!



THEM OL' BULLET WOUNDS O' MINE START ACTING UP ONCE AND A WHILE! NOW, WHUT WERE YEW A-SAYIN', POOPY?

...I WAS A-SAYIN', YOU'VE GOTTA BRING IN...



...THE **McYETNIT BOYS!**



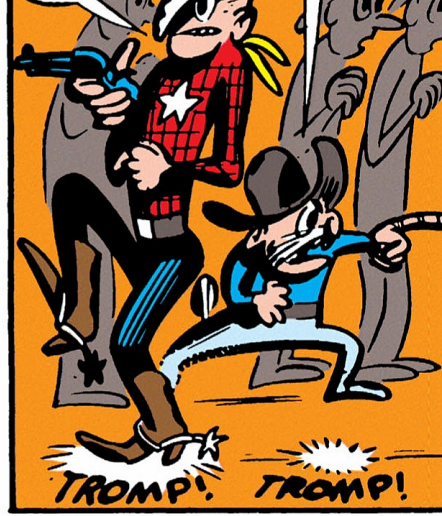
ME NOT POT-SHOT PETE! MY NAME, HALF-SHOT SHMERE! POT-SHOT PETE, HIM GONE THATAWAY!

HAW-HAW! THIS PETE! IT'S HIS SENSE OF HUMOR THAT REALLY MAKES HIM THE ALL-AMERICAN COWBOY THAT HE IS!



LAST I SAW OF THE **McYETNIT BOYS**, THEY WERE GOIN' **THAT-AWAY!** GET 'EM, POT-SHOT!

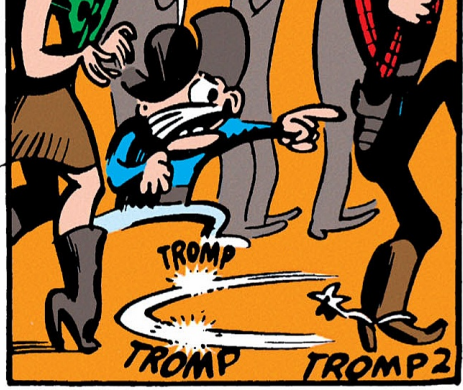
RIGHT!



POT-SHOT! FERTEN Y'ARS WE BEEN COURTIN', AN I HAIN'T BEEN KISSED! **KISS ME, POT-SHOT!**

THATAWAY!

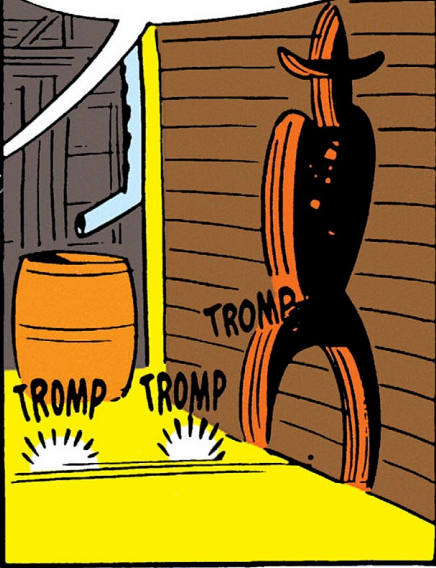
RIGHT!



THAR HE GOES, FLAKES O' STEEL
FLASHING IN HIS COPPERY GIMLET
EYES! NOTHING HAD BETTER GET
IN THE WAY OF POT-SHOT PETE!



ON THIS DAY, LORD HAVE MERCY
ON ANYTHING, HUMAN NOR OTHER
WISE THAT GETS IN THE WAY OF
POT-SHOT PETE!



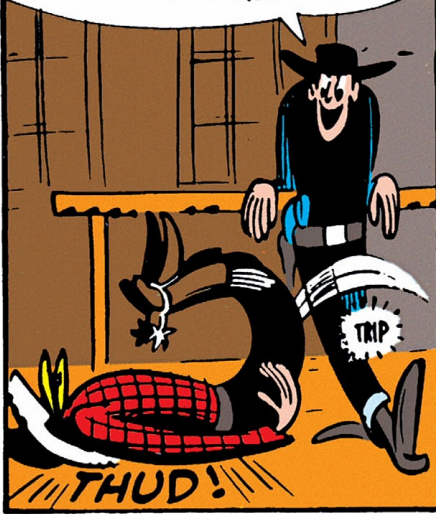
UPAHEAD... A GUN-HAPPY YOUNG
GUNZEL LEANS ON A HITCHING
RAIL, LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!



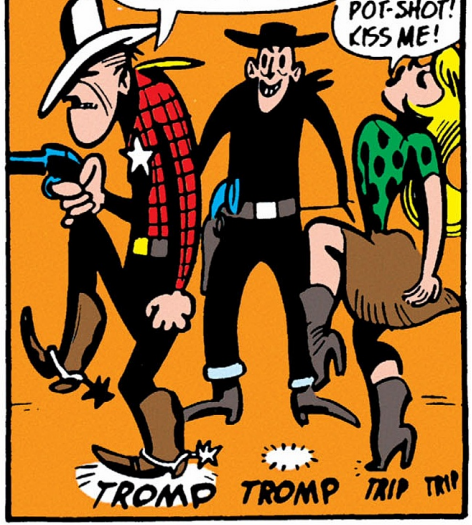
IT'S KNOWN FAR AND WIDE THAT ANY
GUNZEL THAT BEATS POT-SHOT PETE
TO THE DRAWZEL WILL BE THE
BIGGEST GUNZEL IN THE WESTZEL!



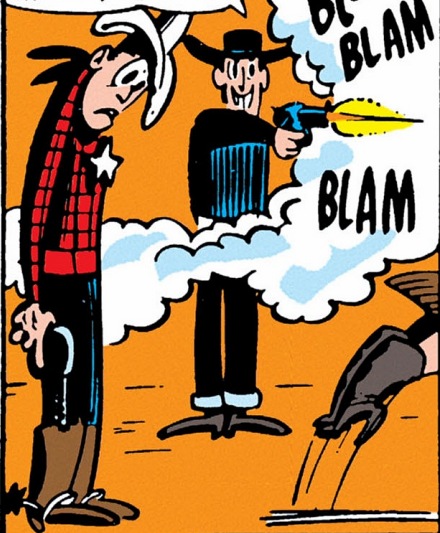
SHERIFF POT-SHOT! YOU LOW-DOWN
OWL-HOOT! I WANT YOU TO
FAN LEATHER 'CAUSE I'M A-GOIN
TO BEAT YOU TO THE DRAW!



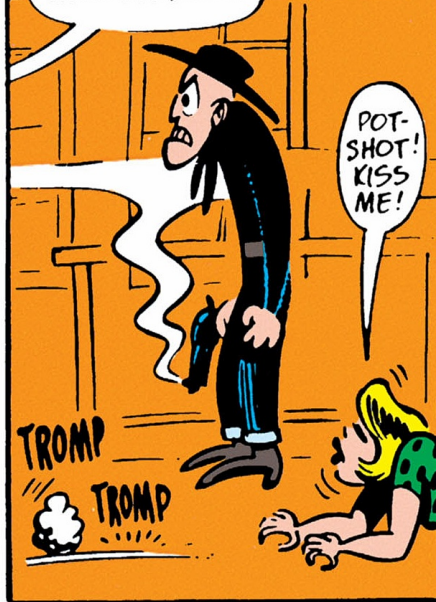
AH'M OUT TO BRING IN THE Mc-
METNIT BOYS, AN' NO PUNK GUN-
ZEL'S A-GOIN TO PULL ME INTO A
GUNFIGHT AND DETER ME F'UM
MY PURPOSE!



LOOKEE, POT-SHOT! MY GUN IS
SPITTING LEADEN DEATH AT YOUR GAL-
FRIEND! NOW WILL YOU TRY AN BEAT
ME TO THE DRAW?

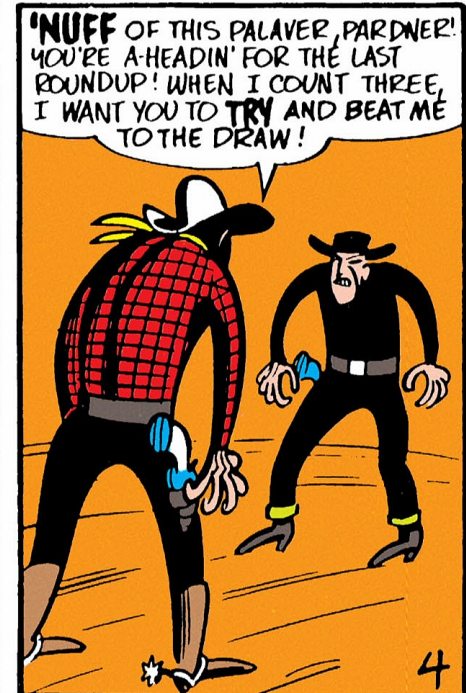
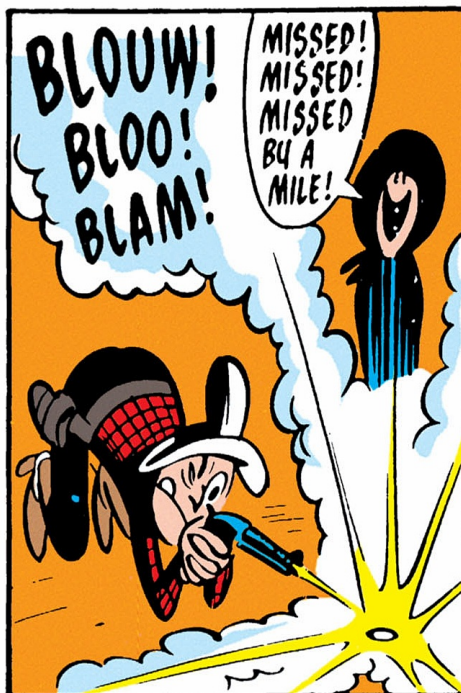
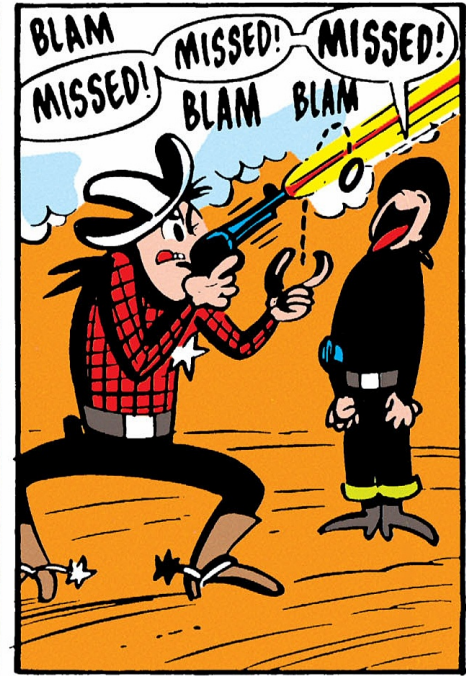
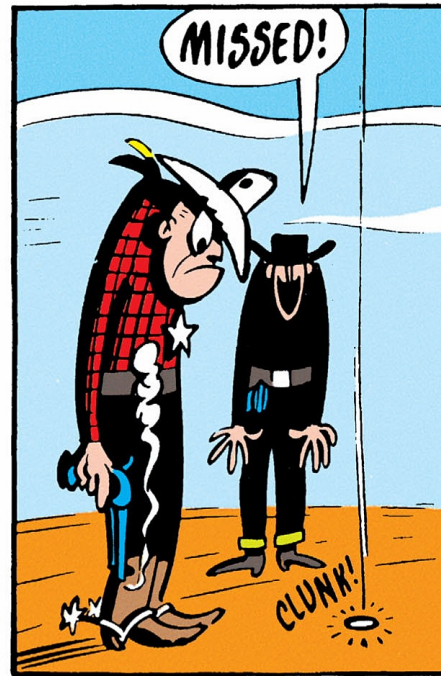
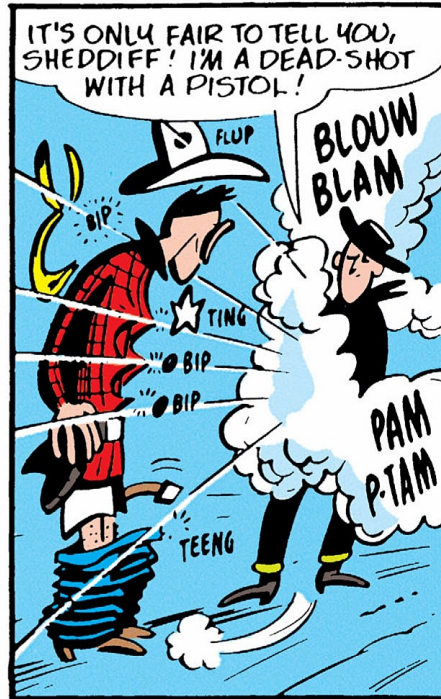


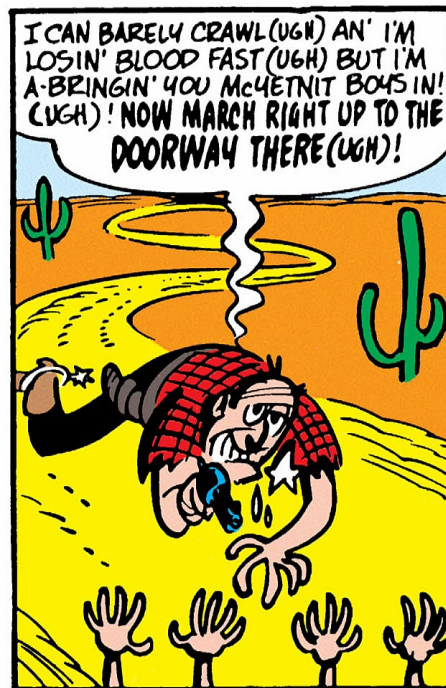
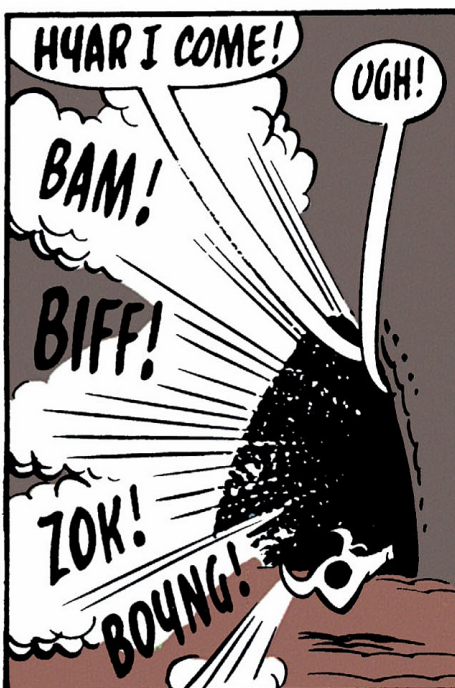
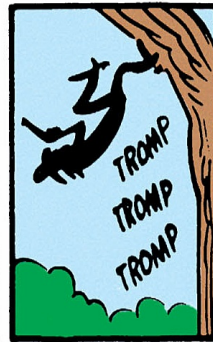
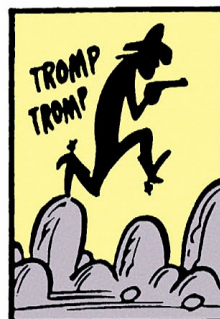
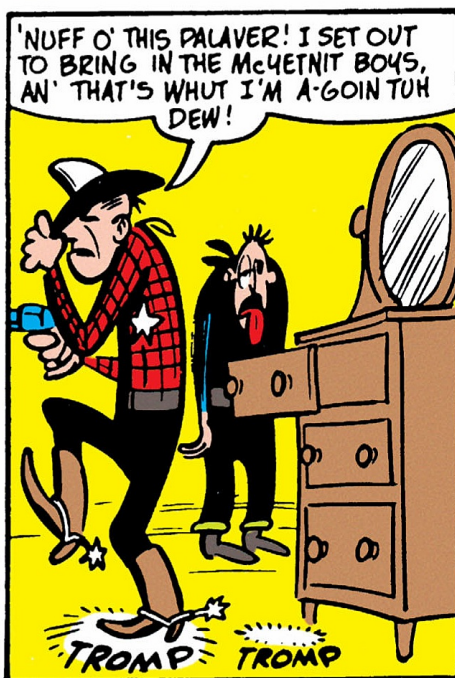
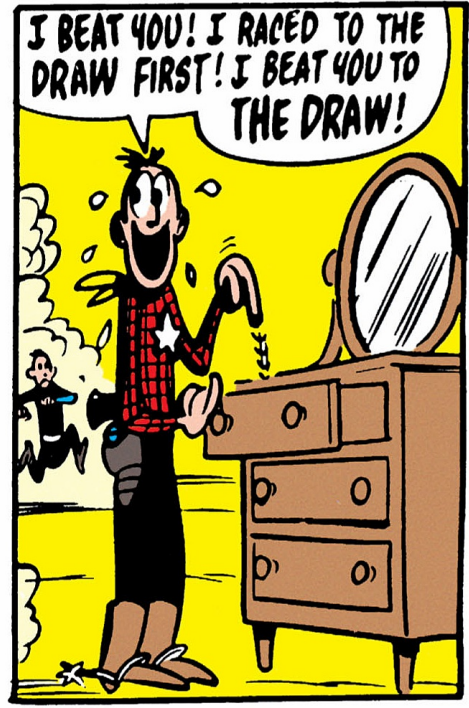
GOTTA BRING IN THE McMETNIT
BOYS! HAIN'T GOT TIME TO MESS
WITH GUNZELS!



SHERIFF POT-SHOT PETE! YER A VALLER
LIVERED 'PELADO' AND YOU DRINK
ASH TRAYS AND I'M GOING TO SHOOT
YOU IN THE BACK! NOW WILL YOU
TRY AN' BEAT ME TO THE DRAW?







MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

At our humble little base here in North Africa, Everyone enjoys MAD tremendously. Everyone, that is, except two guys I know of, but they're □'s anyway. MAD is the furshlugginest book in circulation.—Pete McDole, U.S.N.—Africa

... Isn't it curious that when one cleverly re-assembles the three letters, "M A D", one gets "cow-kettle-soup"?—Anonymous

... In "Gasoline Valley" (MAD #15), you show Skizziks saying, "Gosh! ... spelled backwards is shog ... " I've got news! Gosh spelled backwards is HSOG, not SHOG! Has Elder been eating blintzes again?—Roland Juge—New Orleans, La.

... In Captain Tvideo, did those farshimmelt idiots ever catch that rocket model?—Yale Greenspoon—Bayonne, N. J.



Lookout! Here they come again!—ed.

... I sent my little brother to the store this morning to get a copy of MAD. Instead, he got MUD/¼, an imitation. I pulled out my .45 caliber sword and shot him 16 times. Melvin fell to the floor ... dead. I quick called the cops and they arrested him on charges of buying an imitation and catching 16 bullets in his left head.—Anonymous

... Just finished reading my first MAD comic today. Positively the most timely, up to date, modern humor I have ever read.—Genghis Khan—(No address)

... You have all the boys at our high-school so interested in MAD comics, that they don't pay any attention to the girls anymore. I know, because my beau was the class wolf last year. Now he's more like a translator. He comes in and I say, "Boy, am I ever tired," and do you know what he says? "Look doll, you mean 'Bwah!'"—a girl in Oswego

... I think you guys are the most. All of us kats around here have had our minds brain-washed with your trash.—Dick Regentz—Pekin, Ill.

... I just read in MAD MUMBLINGS what a frustrated mother said about your sweet magazine. That gripes me, calling your great literary accomplishment "imbecilic, moronic rot." If you have a well-balanced, stable mind, this kind of humor should

appeal to you. As for me, I ... unk, doodle, ugh, look mommy, a cat! ... cat ... CAT? ... I'M A LITTLE SPARROW! ... tweet tweet! —Virginia Barron—Hialeah, Fla.

... I think that MAD's are the best and the most entertaining comic-books out. More sensible people should read them. I collect them all. I also collect dead bodies.—Gary Barler—N. Tonowanda; N. Y.

... I want to congratulate you for your slow but sure comeback in a field of rotten corn.—Pat McKelvey—Little Rock, Ark.

... I have been a faithful follower of E.C. for many years. Just thought I'd drop you a line to tell you what I think of the last three issues of MAD. They're terrible and stupid and personally, I think you guys are going broke.—Bill Mattson—(no address)

... I am a faithful reader of MAD, but I soon won't be if you don't start cleaning up your comic. If you keep having dirty pictures and stories, my whole gang and I will stop buying MAD.—Coraline Haas—San Jose, Cal.

... Today I brought home another issue of MAD. I think that if you keep up that kind of work, and leave off some of the dirt and vulgarity that I am sorry to say I found in one story of yours, (only one) you should really have a top-notch mag.—Anonymous

... What you publish is cheap, miserable trash! Fortunately, I also am cheap miserable trash!—Anonymous

... Your magazine is not fit for human consumption. But I eat it anyway.—Mike Melner—Reno, Nev.

... One thing that steams me are those full pages devoted to "Discussion of Affairs in Greece"... Nothing but junk with a few POTRZEBIES thrown in!—Carol Craven—Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

... I found your article on Greece highly informative, sympathetic, and mindful of the vicissitudes of human life. Felicitations!—Anonymous

advertisement

As ever, subscriptions to this magazine, complete with shiny covers, two staples, and in full color, gang, is still \$1.00 for eight, (8), ate, 4 + 4, issues. Send that good old money to:

MAD Editors
Room 706, Dept. 18
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

MOVIE DEPT.: THEY MADE THE STORY OF GERMAN PRISONER OF WAR CAMP INTO A PLAY... **STALAG 17!** THEY MADE THE STORY INTO A MOVIE... **STALAG 17!**... AND NOW... NOW THEY MAKE A STORY INTO A COMIC BOOK...! **STALAG 17?**... NO!... **THIS STORY IS OF THE STALAG A TEENCHY BIT OVER FROM STALAG 17...**

STALAG 18!

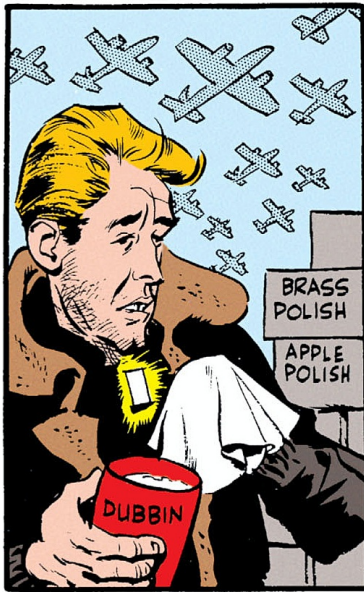


YES...THIS WAS STALAG 18... A GERMAN P.O.W. CAMP FOR AMERICAN SERGEANTS!... BUCK SERGEANTS, TECH SERGEANTS, FIRST SERGEANTS, MASTER SERGEANTS...

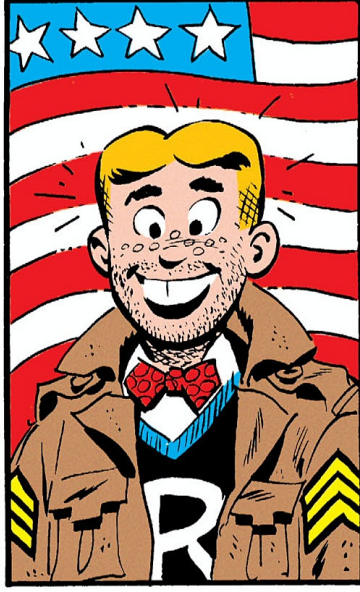
YES... JUST SERGEANTS... ... WHAT A FURSHLUGGINER MESS!... ALL DAY LONG ALL THESE SERGEANTS, ORDERING EACH OTHER AROUND!



YES...THIS WAS STALAG 18...
AND THIS WAS LT. WUNBAR...
WITH US TEMPORARILY...
...AND THIS ONE, FOR SOME
UNEXPLAINABLE REASON,
WAS CALLED 'THE ANIMAL'!



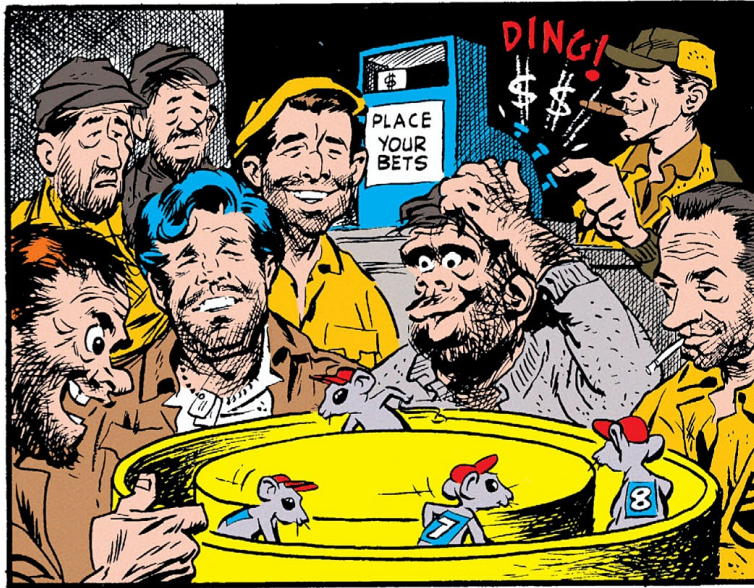
...AND THIS ONE... A
TYPICAL AMERICAN TEEN-
AGER, WAS CALLED 'SECURITY'!



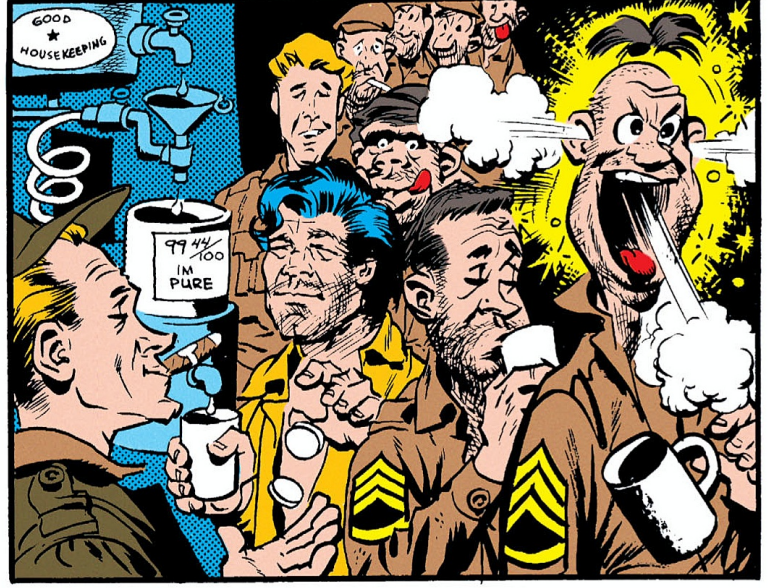
...AND THIS ONE WAS 'STEPTON'!
NO MATTER HOW ROUGH IT GOT,
STEPTON ALWAYS HAD IT EASY!



THAT'S BECAUSE STEPTON RAN A RAT-RACE! IT WASN'T
SO MUCH THE WAY HE TRAINED THE RATS TO RACE... IT
WAS THE WAY HE GOT THE MICE TO RIDE THEM...



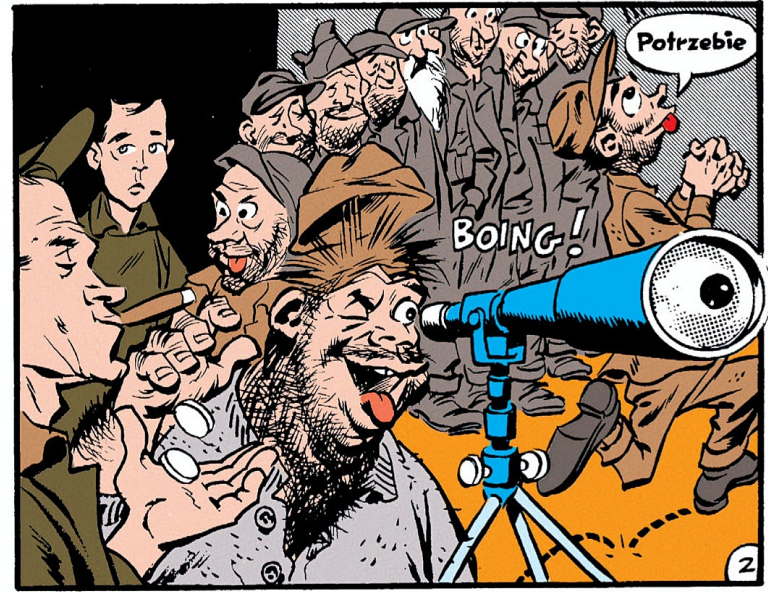
STEPTON RAN A STILL AND WHATEVER HAPPENED, THE
STILL STILL RAN... NEVER STILL!...THAT IS...THE STILL WASN'T
STILL...THAT IS, THE STILL WAS A STILL BUT STILL WASN'T... STILL!

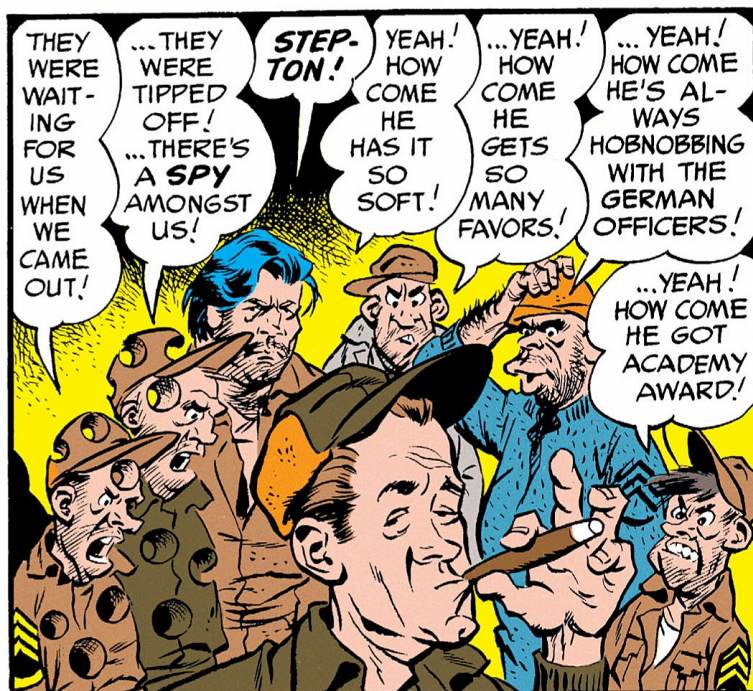
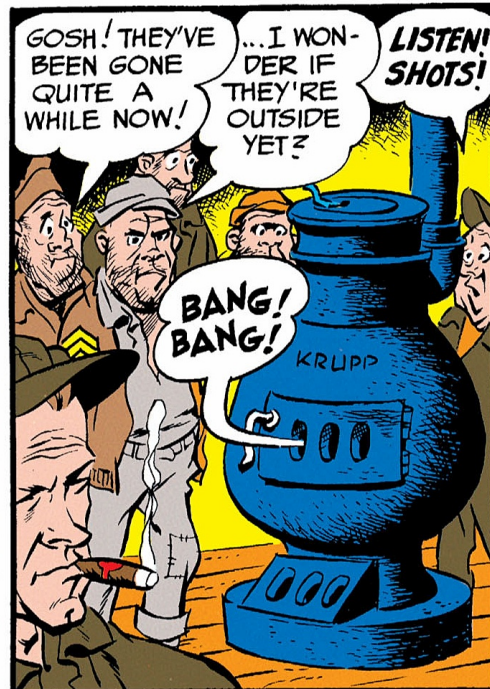
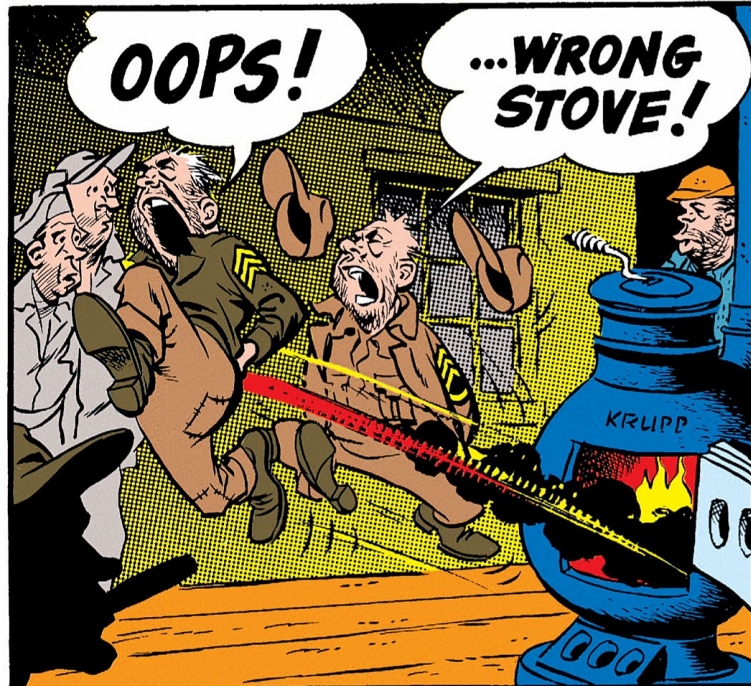
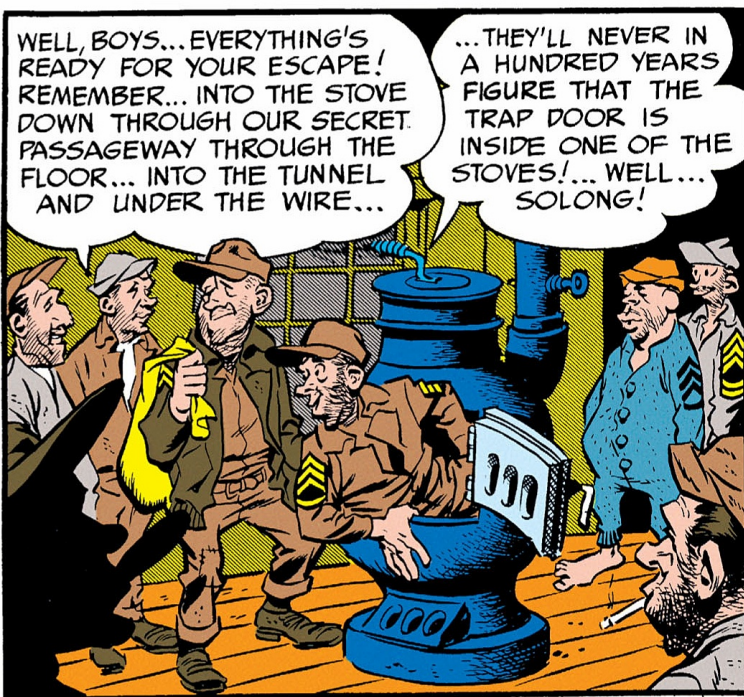


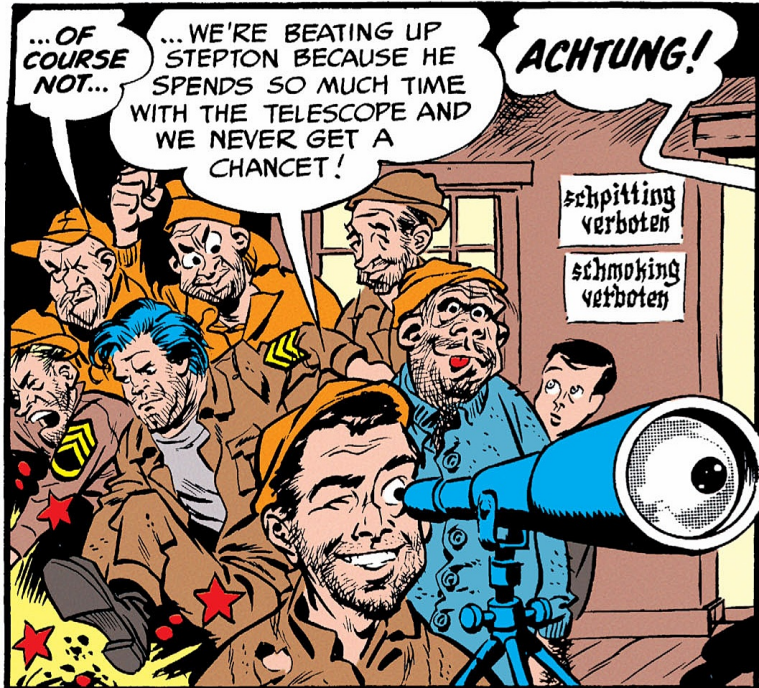
STEPTON RAN A TELESCOPE...BECAUSE THE BOYS LIKED TO
LOOK AT RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN NEXT COMPOUND...
BECAUSE STEPTON SENT RUSSIAN PRISONERS HIS RATS...



...BECAUSE HIS RATS MADE RUSSIAN PRISONERS JUMP
UP ON THE TABLES AND PULL THEIR COATS UP...AND
MAINLY BECAUSE RUSSIAN PRISONERS WERE WOMEN!





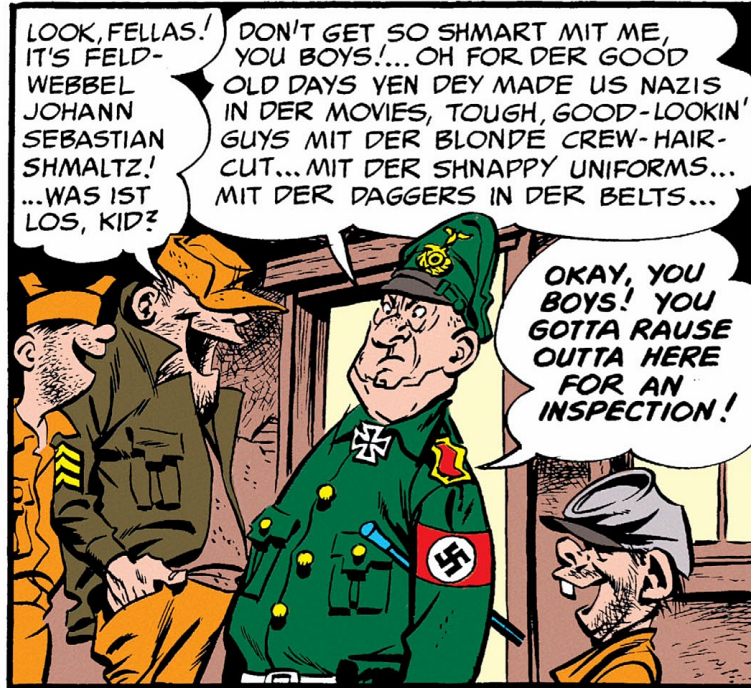


...OF COURSE NOT...

...WE'RE BEATING UP STEPTON BECAUSE HE SPENDS SO MUCH TIME WITH THE TELESCOPE AND WE NEVER GET A CHANCET!

ACHTUNG!

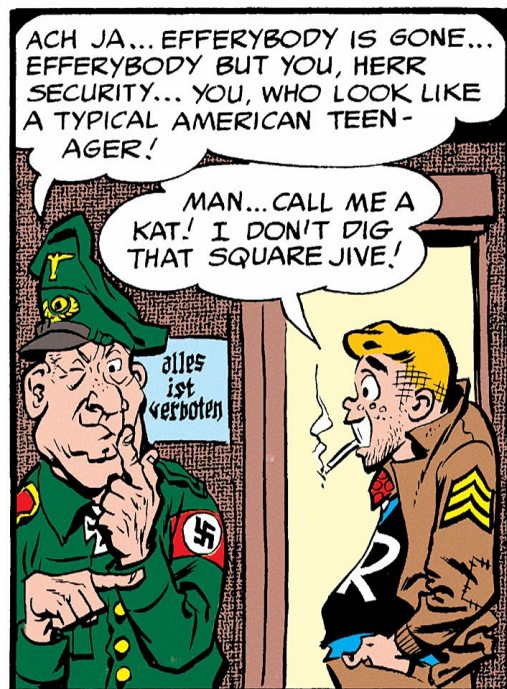
schpitting
verboten
schmoking
verboten



LOOK, FELLAS! IT'S FELD-WEBBEL JOHANN SEBASTIAN SHMALTZ! ...WAS IST LOS, KID?

DON'T GET SO SHMART MIT ME, YOU BOYS!... OH FOR DER GOOD OLD DAYS YEN DEY MADE US NAZIS IN DER MOVIES, TOUGH, GOOD-LOOKIN' GUYS MIT DER BLONDE CREW-HAIRCUT... MIT DER SHNAPPY UNIFORMS... MIT DER DAGGERS IN DER BELTS...

OKAY, YOU BOYS! YOU GOTTA RAUSE OUTTA HERE FOR AN INSPECTION!



ACH JA... EFFERYBODY IS GONE... EFFERYBODY BUT YOU, HERR SECURITY... YOU, WHO LOOK LIKE A TYPICAL AMERICAN TEEN-AGER!

MAN...CALL ME A KAT! I DON'T DIG THAT SQUARE JIVE!

alles
ist
verboten



UND NATURALLY, DAS IST YOU... YOU WHO LOOK LIKE A TYPICAL AMERICAN TEEN-AGER...NATURALLY YOU ARE DER CHERMAN SPY PLANTED IN DIS HERE STALAG!

JAWOHL HERR COMMANDANT!

SNAP! SNAP!



SO SPRECHEN MIT ME UND TELL ME DER LATEST POOP YOU DONE HEARD FROM DER AMERIKANER SHVIENHUNTS!

...DER LATEST POOP ISS, DEY GOT A LIEUTENANT WUNBAR HERE WHO ISS GOT ALL KINDS OF SECRET INFORMATION!

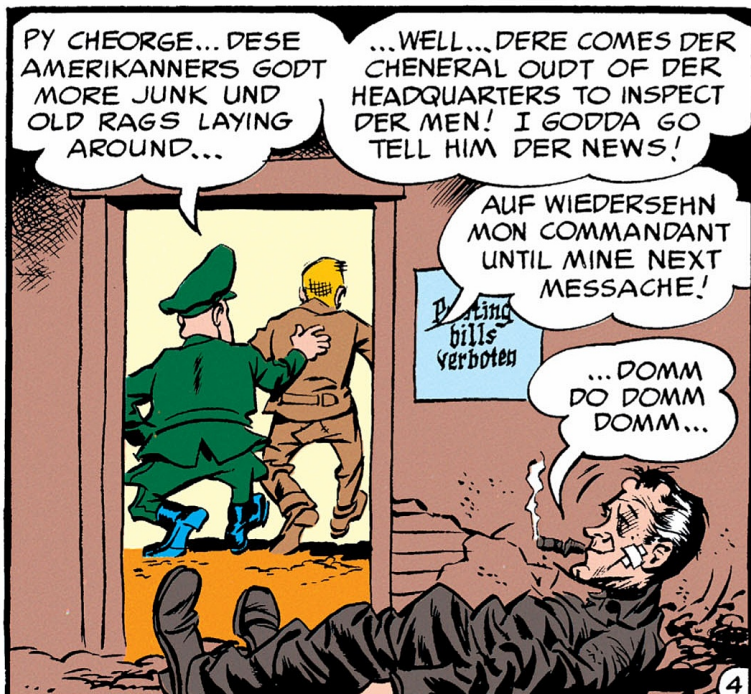


SECRET INFORMATION, HUH? ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE... DEN WE COULD SEND HIM TO BERLIN WHERE DEY COULD TORTURE DER INFORMATION OUTTA HIM AND MAYBE WE GET A PRIZE, HUH?

DOT'S DER CHENERAL IDEA, BOY! UND NOW I GOT TO GET OUTSIDE BEFORE DER REST GETS SUSPICIOUS!

...DONNER-BLITZEN... LOOK AT DIS JUNK IN DER DOORWAY!

KICK!



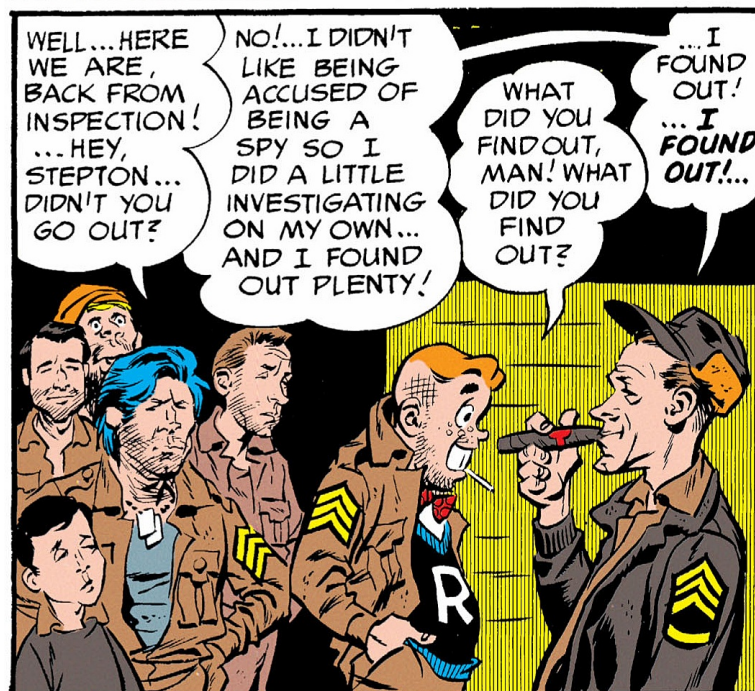
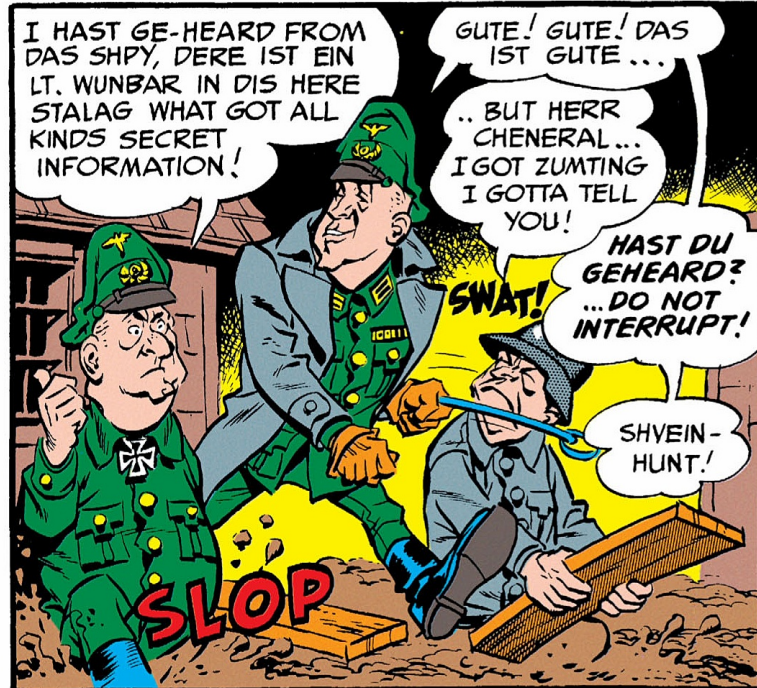
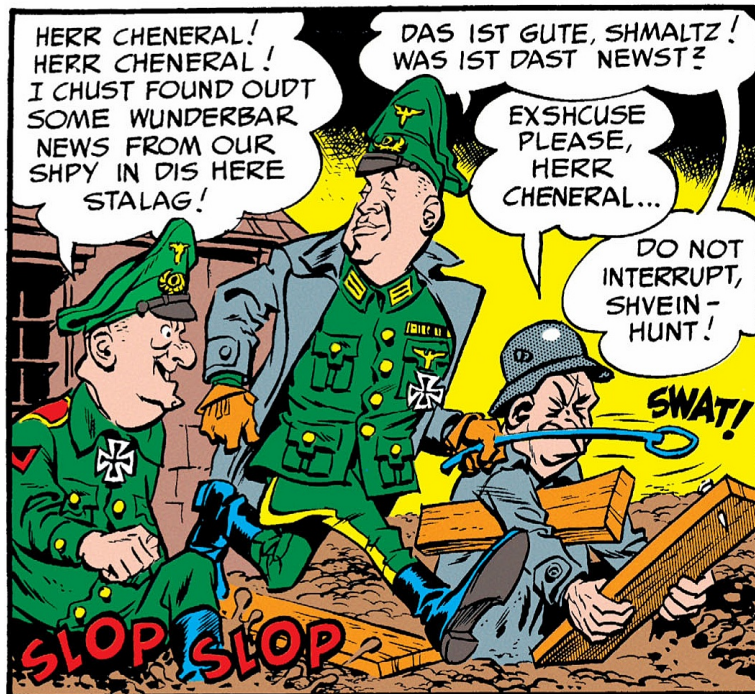
PY CHEORGE... DESE AMERIKANNERS GODT MORE JUNK UND OLD RAGS LAYING AROUND...

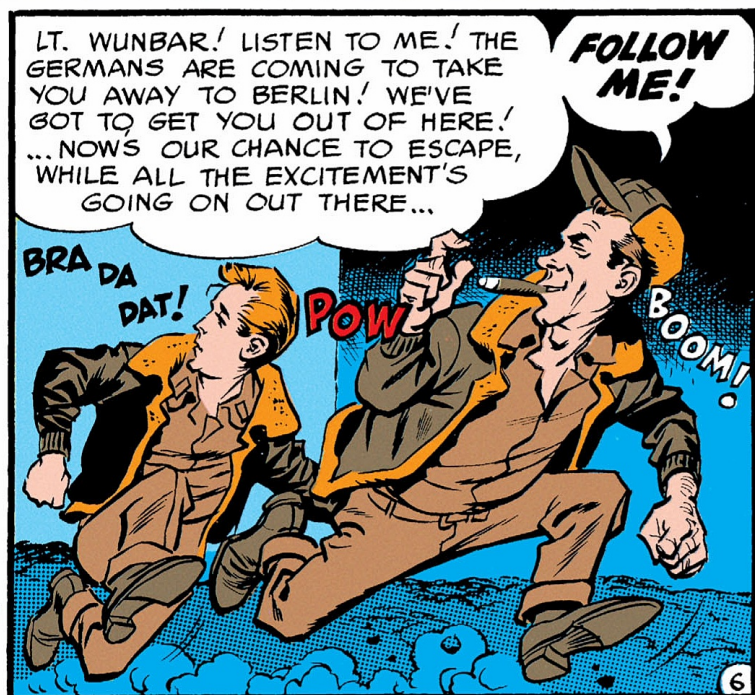
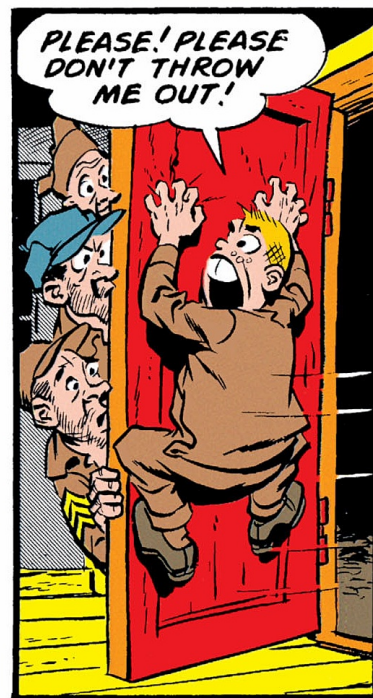
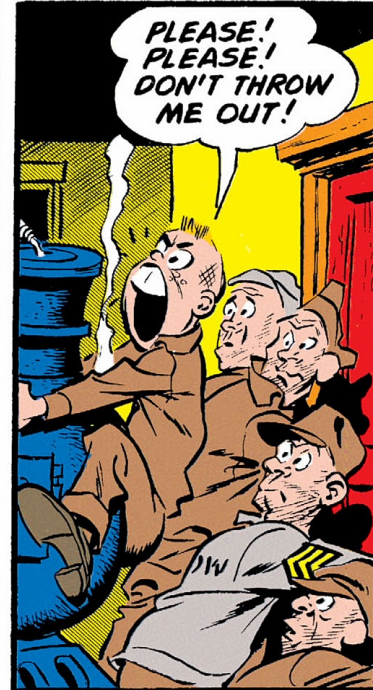
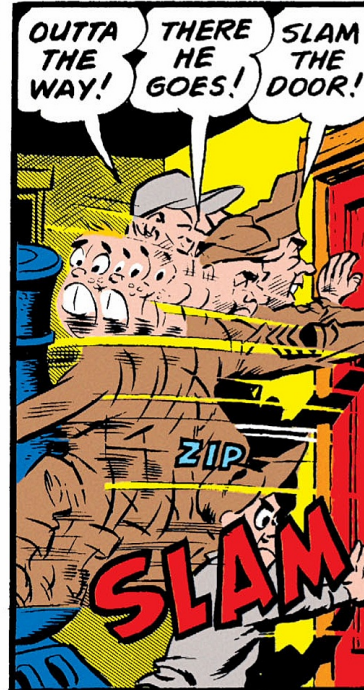
...WELL... DERE COMES DER CHENERAL OUDT OF DER HEADQUARTERS TO INSPECT DER MEN! I GODDA GO TELL HIM DER NEWS!

AUF WIEDERSEHN MON COMMANDANT UNTIL MINE NEXT MESSACHE!

Playing
bills
verboten

...DOMM DO DOMM DOMM...





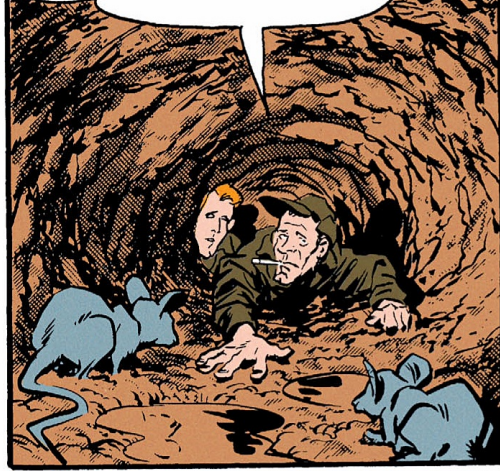
THIS IS ONE ESCAPE ROUTE THAT 'SECURITY' DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT!... THE BOYS HAVE BEEN WORKING ON IT FOR YEARS! ...FIRST WE GO AROUND TO THE PRISON GARBAGE PILE...



...THEN WE PLOD OUR WAY TO THIS INNOCENT GARBAGE PAIL WHICH APPEARS TO BE FILLED WITH GREASE DRIPPINGS AND OLD SPAGHETTI!... WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, WE DIVE IN...



...AND FIND THE PAIL IS ONLY HALF FULL... THERE BEING AN OPENING INGENUOUSLY CONCEALED IN THE OTHER HALF, LEADING DOWN TO THIS TUNNEL WHICH WE'VE BEEN DIGGING FOR YEARS!



...FINALLY, AFTER CRAWLING A MILE OR SO THROUGH THE RANK WATER-FILLED TUNNEL, WE EMERGE BY THE BARBED-WIRE...



...WHERE WE PAINFULLY CUT OUR WAY THROUGH A DOZEN BARRIERS OF RAZOR-SHARP BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS WITH OUR WIRE-CUTTERS...



...EMERGING AT LAST, WITH A THOUSAND TINY WOUNDS... WHERE WE THEN HAVE TO CRAWL ON OUR STOMACHS OVER SHARP ROCKS TO THE UNDERBRUSH...



...WHICH CONSISTS OF THORN-BUSHES A HUNDRED TIMES MORE CUTTING THAN THE BARBED WIRE, AND WE CRAWL THROUGH...



...EMERGING AT LAST ON THE OPEN PLAIN! ...GET UP, LT. WUNBAR! ...GET UP!... WE'RE ALL RIGHT NOW! WE MADE IT! WE FINALLY MADE IT!



WE MADE IT? YOU SAY WE MADE IT? ... WE GOT AWAY, THEN! WE'RE FREE! WE MADE IT TO SWITZERLAND AND WE'RE FREE! EH, STEPTON, EH? EH?

... FREE? ... WE'RE IN SWITZERLAND?

... SWITZERLAND! ... WHO SAYS WE'RE IN SWITZERLAND!

... WE'RE IN THE RUSSIAN WOMEN'S PRISON COMPOUND!

